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OLD BATTLE-FIELDS.

BY L. L. COSHAM.

Long years of peace have stilled the battle-thunder.
Wild grasses quiver where the fight was won,
Masses of blossom, lightly blown asunder,
Drop down white petals on the silent gun:
For life is kind, and sweet things grow unbidden,
Turning the scenes of life to bloomy bowers;
One only knows what secrets may be hidden
Beneath his cloud of flowers.

Poor heart, above thy field of sorrow sighing
For smitten faith, and hope untimely slain,
Leave thou the soil whereon thy dead are lying
To the soft sunlight and the cleansing rain;
Love works in silence, hiding all the traces
Of bitter conflict on the trampled sod,
And time shall show thee all life's battle-places
Veiled by the hand of God.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

LADY BRENTWYCHE'S man took a first-class ticket for Paddington, which he handed to Grace as he placed her in the train.

He did not know that Molly had procured a ticket for Falmouth, which she also possessed.

Molly had executed this commission with wonderful cunning.

The idea of a secret gave her immense pleasure; she was capable of eluding any amount of cross-examination when her sense was once aroused: she resembled some animals in this, and her intellect, small as it might be, was quite equal to the task.

Moreover, the very weakness of her wits helped to keep the matter safe, as no one thought of questioning Molly.

In answer to Lord Enderby's inquiries at the station, he was told the young lady's servant took a ticket for London.

No mention was made of a ticket taken by a poor queer figure like Molly.

At Truro, where a change of trains takes place, Grace had the label on her luggage altered, and effected the rest of her journey without notice.

At Falmouth she found apartments in a little quiet terrace overlooking the sea.

Here, as she sat down at last to rest, the extraordinary calmness and powers of self-control which had enabled her to do and suffer so much suddenly gave way.

Her tears burst forth abundantly; her desolation and her loneliness oppressed her and she cried to Heaven in bitterness that she had not one friend in the world.

The dear love, the happy love that had come to her so wonderfully she was called upon to renounce.

She must bear to be thought unkind, ungrateful—anything but unfaithful, for that she would never be.

He might forget her—yes, he would forget her—in the great world to which he belonged there were many aids to forgetfulness—but in her quiet heart he would be shrined for ever.

Her love would be strong as life, and true as death, which lifts the veil from all things and flings all glamour of deceit away.

And perhaps the day might come when, eye to eye and face to face, he would own that she was faithful and loving, though she had left him.

Ah, how the bitter tears fell, wetting her slender fingers, as she pressed her hands upon her face, striving to shut out the cruel light that glared in unpityingly on her sad forlornness!

There are times when grief will have its way and the overburdened mind demands relief in tears.

It is well when they can come; it is the grief which does not speak that whispers to the overfraught heart and bids it despair and die.

Grace was young; and if grief is terrible when young, it is full of life, and has strength to return to hope and joy, as a plant turns to the sunshine.

It is the old that grieve silently; there is no hope of returning sun in the rain of their tears, their salt does but sow the earth with a new bitterness, illusions have vanished, the world is a grave, all their loved ones have gone down into its dust, and they must soon follow.

Grace arose from her passion of grief relieved and calmed; the strength of her nature lay not in emotion, but in tranquility. Her soul, like the sea, could hold the depths of passion beneath a calm surface; a storm might ruffle it, but down in the depths there was still peace.

Once more in her own mind she shaped out her future course, and resolved to stand by it, for good or ill.

She found that a steamer went from Falmouth to London on certain days, and she resolved to reach the metropolis in this way by sea.

She had to wait two days for the vessel. On the second day of this anxious period she strolled down to the shore on the Western Bay beyond Pendennis.

The tide was rolling in majestically, sky and sea were blue as bluest sapphire, the vast sheet of waters, far as the most distant verge, glittered in a brilliant sun and, seemed to sparkle with all the life that lives and flashes beneath the mysterious waves.

Sea-birds on joyous wing flew from rock to rock, or circled over the inrushing tide in white and silvery flocks, light as though they were but sea-spray animated by the sun.

But for them, the shore was a solitude, no shadow touched the sands, no sound but the ripple of the waves broke upon the ear. These fell in softest music at the watcher's feet, and brought back visions loved of old, when, as a child, she had played by the clear waves and laid her hand in love upon their curled crests.

The repose and calm, the slumber and strength of the sea were here, stretched before her in the majesty of beauty.

As in a mantle, her spirit was wrapped about in the rapture of its great sound, the glory of its great light.

Once more the music that was her life burst as with new wings from the prison of her sorrow, and sprang forth to the sky in song.

She lost all thoughts of herself as her voice uprose in its strength, and unconsciously her lips uttered words that came to them more as an inspiration than memory.

As Grace finished her song, a hand seized her, and she turned to see Molly with tears streaming down her poor meaningless face.

"I thoft sure I should find you here by the sea," said Molly.

"And your voice led me along like a dog does a blind man. I've runned away. Father have dropped down as dead as a herrin', and the parvish be goin' to bury 'un to-morrow; then the parish says as I'm to be put in the work'us. But I shudn't live there long; 'tis too whisht, and the folks be gashly cruel to haaf-witted child'n like me."

Poor Molly sat down upon the sands here, and sobbed aloud.

"And what can I do for you, Molly?" asked Grace soothingly.

"Have you no friends, no relations at Penaluna?"

"I abbn't got nobody as own's me," said Molly; "I am too poor. And I bother's 'em you know, for pennies; that puts their tempers up, and they hates the sight of me. How beautiful you was singing! And you never heard me coming, did you? I crept along as quiet as a cat after a bird. I giv'd your letter to the gentleman, and he axed where you was gone.

"I said Je-rusalem for sartin. But I minded Falmouth well enough, and that's why I'm come."

This was satisfactory so far as Molly was concerned; but it was very bewildering to Grace.

With great glee Molly picked up shells and scraped out sand-pits, chatting all the while perfectly regardless of all trouble.

"I'm to be took't up if I goes back to Penaluna," she said, with the air of a person who suddenly considers herself of some consequence.

"Gregory Blake has found out that I stole his money, and he is mad as a Whitsun 'nagerie of baists. I lost most ave it thic fortlin' going home.

"Somehow the copper slipped out of my shoes, and rolled away like nine-pins. It's a pewer pity yer didn't take 'em, and set up shop with 'em. I'm to go to gaol now for losing 'am."

Grace felt alarmed as she heard this; she thought Gregory Blake quite capable of accusing poor Molly of theft, and getting her imprisoned.

She looked at the girl pitifully, and the thought struck her that she would be a kindly companion and they too would not do ill together.

Molly was poor and forlorn, and had not a friend now her father was dead; and, as for herself it would be better for her to have even a half-witted companion than to be out in the wide world alone.

Grace did not think of the expense.

She possessed four hundred dollars—fifty given her for her pearls, and one hundred and fifty received from Mrs. Lanyon—and she thought this a large sum.

"Molly," she said, "will you go to London with me?"

Molly jumped up in amazed delight.

"I'll go to the world's end weth 'ee, and dance there all the way!" she cried.

So those two climbed up the steep path from the sands together, and that night they steamed away towards London.

* * * * * *

To arrive in London friendless, unknown and poor is the fate of many a stranger.

Some of the saddest chapters in human history have told the tale of the sufferings and the struggles undergone by some patient brave heart in its first battle for life and labor amid the regardless crowds of a great city.

Grace's heart sank as she and Molly were landed, in the chill and fog of early morning, on an unclean wharf by the riverside.

Calm and self-reliant as she was, she had need now of all her courage to sustain her. She was thankful for Molly's companionship; she felt that the presence of her uncouth, ungainly, honest figure was a protection, so she clung to her arm with grateful thoughts, and allowed her the supreme satisfaction of believing herself a sort of guardian angel.

And truly in one sense she was this, for men who stared rudely at Grace, men who accosted her as if her forlornness gave them the right of insult, turned away when their eyes fell on the homely countenance of Molly.

She was so ugly, so grave, so simple, that her appearance was a veritable guarantee of honesty; and so she and Grace passed on through crowds unprotected and unmolested.

While on board the steamer, Grace had searched through a small packet of letters of her father's which she possessed, seeking to find the address of some people with whom she might safely lodge.

Several of these letters were dated from a small old-fashioned terrace in the vicinity of the Old Kent Road.

To this place Grace drove from the quay, and here she hired a small parlor and two bed-rooms—one being a tiny room within her own, which Molly took possession of with all the glee of a child.

It was natural that Grace should seek a temporary home in a house known to her father; it was, in fact, almost the only place, locality, and name she was acquainted with; but she had not taken into consideration the probability of its being the haunt of other men bound like her father to a secret society, but unlike him in enthusiasm and honesty of purpose.

And now Grace was in London—the city of visions and of hard realities, the great whirlpool of the world, towards which all things converge, and from which all are flung forth again in a never-ceasing eddy of toil.

And never had her life been so contracted, her freedom so small, her hope so faint, as amid these myriad shapes of life and labor and suffering, which seemed to hem her in and close round about her with infinite hum of heedless voices and infinite rattle of countless wheels.

Shut up in her narrow room, with patient eyes and hands given to the study of music, with a brave purpose in her heart, and her deep love silent in her soul, she would look at wistful times from the window into the dismal road, and think of the dreams that had beckoned, the visions that had shone upon her by the old milestone; and then she would turn away with bitter tears of disappointment and a sob of agony that rose in her throat, in spite of all her courage. Ah, these were drear and dreadful days, these first days of desolation in the huge City of London!

"It is well to be out of the roar in this here quiet nook," said Molly, "for I feel as if the noise was a great big ugly live thing gaping down upon me to swallow me up. Well, and the fiddle goes on wonderful; he can do anything 'cept spaik, and I reckon he'll do that before long. When ar' 'ee going to be dressed out beautiful and go on the stage, as they do at Whitsun' Feer, and have roses thrawed at 'ee, as you says folks has sometimes?"

Grace looked up from her music, with her large eyes too bright and her cheeks flushed.

"Ah, Molly they won't have me in London! I have written to so many theatres, and often I am not answered, or, if I get letters, they all ask the same question: Where have I studied? At what theatre have I sung? And I have studied only beneath the sky, and I have sung only to the sea and the woods.

"I tell 'ee what," said Molly sententiously. "Ef I was you, I would'n' write letters; I'd go and see folks.

"Bless 'ee, hearing ain't nothin'; seeing es the right thing.

"I hurd tell of a elephant waunce, but I hadn' got no notion that he was a critter weth two tails, waun afore and waun behind, till I went and looked at un; then I knowed.

"And I should know a elephant now d'rectly, ef I seed waun, and folks would know you was a singer ef they seed you."

This counsel, queer as it was, still had reason in it, and Grace strove to follow it. But at many a theatre door she was turned back unseen.

Over-worked managers were too busy to see strangers; and their company was made up—they had no need of new hands.

One or two who saw her, impressed by her beauty, were civil and sorry, and one or two were rude.

"We have nothing to do with self-taught geniuses," said one gentleman; "we engage only cultivated talent.

"Good morning."

Cultivated talent is a valuable, useful article which the world understands; genius is too high and pure for it.

Grace wended her way homewards through the fog, dispirited and sad.

She had been three weeks in London, and her visions had vanished in its fogs, her dreams had died in its din.

She was about half a mile from her poor lodging, when a wretched woman, shouting a ballad hoarsely, and having three children clinging to her ragged skirts, was knocked down by a butcher's cart, and lay senseless in the road.

A crowd gathered around her and lifted her up.

She was not much hurt; but, as she came to her senses, she trembled with the shock, and her tears burst forth bitterly.

Half sitting, half lying on the ground, a heap of muddy ragged wretchedness, she emptied her pocket of ten cents—supposed to be such a cheating, vice-lined pocket—and fearing at her rage—supposed to be hypocritical rage worn to deceive a charitable public—she cried aloud that it was all she had taken that day, and now night was coming on, and she had no money to pay for a refuge for her children.

Suddenly her eyes glistened on the crowd; she tried to rise, and lifted up her cracked voice to sing.

It was then that Grace took the dismal ballad from her hand and the song from her lips, and out on the heads of the wondering people there poured forth a rush of melody in a voice of such glorious power that men's hearts thrilled and women's tears fell as they listened.

"All this for me?" cried the woman hysterically, as a shower of silver was flung into her lap.

"Oh, Heaven bless the young lady! Let me kneel down and thank her!"

But Grace, tightly holding Molly's arm, had slipped away beyond the crowd into a quiet side street.

Had she waited another moment, she would have seen Lord Enderby.

When she reached home, she was conscious of a curious stir and excitement in the house.

It was long before her knock was answered, and then the mistress of the domicile, who opened the door, was very pale and flurried.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Grace kindly.

"Well, yes, miss, a little something. I've seen old friends to-day whom I have not seen for years, and I'm put out rather."

The sound of subdued talking, then angry expostulation, and, amidst this, the cry of a child, struck Grace with momentary surprise as she mounted the stairs to her room. Molly did not follow for some minutes.

"I've seed them 'ould friends,'" she said, "and they've seed me.

"They popped their ogly faaces outside the door, and said 'Pardon,' glaazin' at the while like dying congers.

"Then they grinned and shut to the door and was off."

"It was very rude to enter our room," said Grace indignantly. "I shall complain to Mrs. Kirkman."

When she did this, the woman looked distressed and frightened.

"It was only their foreign ways, miss. I told them I had a young lady in my front parlor; and perhaps they didn't believe me, and that's why they looked in. They took Molly for you miss."

Yes they had made this mistake, and reported to Delgado that there was nothing to fear from Mrs. Kirkman's ugly and foolish lodger.

During the next eight days Grace heard now and then the cry of a child faintly audible from some distant room.

It distressed her, for the cry was a cry of suffering, and she longed to soothe and comfort the child. She spoke of him to the landlady.

"Yes, miss, I fear he is not well," said Mrs. Kirkman.

"He is my sister's little boy. He has been used to the country, and he pines in London."

"Do let him come to our room, said Grace, "and we will amuse him; he is too lonely. He seems to be always up-stairs alone."

"Thank you, miss, but he is too ill to come down."

The woman hurried away in saying this, and Grace for the the first time looked at her in doubt.

It had been her habit at times to lend Grace a newspaper, which she looked at to see what operas were being sung, what theatres were open; but lately she had not done this; some excuse was always ready, which accounted for the paper not being found.

Grace had taken no notice of this; neither had she imputed any motive to the woman for the cessation of this little kindness; yet now the fact struck her as strange, and an indefinable shadow of fear crept about her.

That night she awoke with her own name ringing in her ears in accents of terror and pain.

"Grace, Grace, Grace!" cried the small piteous voice. "Grace, come to me!"

Trembling, Grace started up and listened; she heard a door closed hastily, then all was silence.

She put her hand across her forehead in bewilderment.

She had fancied the voice was little Alan's.

But this was impossible; it was only a vivid dream of Caermorran.

Such dreams came to her often; and the trees waved their green arms in the sun, the river rushed over its brown rocks, the distant light on the sea gleamed and flashed

a voice was in her ear, a shadow by her side.

She awoke to find tears on her cheek, and the fancy still warm in her heart that a tiny hand was in hers and a kind and face was leaning over her.

So the voice was but a dream like the others, only it brought her nearer to the lost ones; and her thought of them was full of pain, as though evil were hovering near.

This foreboding did but increase as day dawned, and, when the morning was fully come she sent Molly for a newspaper.

Once or twice she had seen Lord Enderby's name in some short paragraph that chronicled the doings of the great world; she might see it again.

The truth flashed on her in large capitals, when the spread sheet of the daily journal lay before her.

Little Alan was lost, stolen more than a week ago, and no clue yet discovered through which to hope for his recovery!

The mighty heart of great London was stirred to its depths with pity, with horror, with indignation—pity for the child, horror for the crime, and indignation against the police.

Why did they not instantly seize the miscreants who had committed this cruel crime?

It was an ordinary crime, committed by ordinary ruffians.

Children were continually being enticed away or stolen for begging purposes or for the sake of stealing their clothes; the police ought to know where to put their hands on the people who did these things.

In this case the thieves happened to have seized a prize, and most likely they would take advantage of the lucky accident and demand a large sum as the child's ransom.

Then followed some cutting remarks on Lord Enderby's carelessness as a father. Why was the little Viscount Fitzurse, the actual possessor of twenty thousand a year, the heir to an earldom, permitted to walk in the park attended only by a woman-servant of that class known to be proverbially foolish?

This was culpable neglect of his child's welfare.

A carriage should have been in attendance, and at least two men-servants; then this wretched affair could not have happened.

Grace read all this with white lips, but with a brave resolve stirring at her heart. She would rescue little Alan at all hazards, even at the risk of her life.

She felt sure now that it was his voice that had called upon her name so piteously in the night.

So he was in this house—and her hand should reach him.

She was not deceived for a moment by the assertions of the journal; she knew this was not an ordinary crime.

Neither was it the work of Fenianism, as another paragraph in the paper had declared it to be.

It was the carrying out of that dread decree of vengeance against Lord Enderby at which her young heart had quailed years before, when the whisper of it had fallen on her soul through dire words dropped from the lips of men who had not heeded a child's presence.

Grace thrust the paper out of sight as she heard the landlady's steps quickly approaching.

The woman, as she entered, cast a suspicious glance all round her.

"I am come, miss, to give you a week's notice. I can't let you have the rooms any longer.

"I am sorry for it; but my sister's child is that sickly and troublesome that I have sent for her to come and nurse him, and she'll want your rooms."

In spite of her self-control, Grace grew very pale.

She perceived she had only a week in which to save Alan.

The idea of at once giving information to the police was one that scarcely entered her mind.

She knew she could not rescue Alan in that way.

She was conscious of the fact she and Molly were watched; evidently the woman knew that the latter had bought a paper, and her fears being aroused, she had given them notice to quit.

"I shall be sorry to leave," Grace said; "and a week is a very short time in which to find other rooms."

"It's the usual time, miss. And I'm sorry too. I'm sure I wish the child hadn't come here."

"I should be so glad if you would let me help you to take care of him?" Grace returned.

"He would be no trouble to me."

"And I'd play cat's-cradle with 'un all day," said Molly.

Molly's ignorance and simplicity slightly disarmed Mrs. Kirkman's suspicion.

"I'm sure you would do the child good," she said hesitatingly; "but—but I couldn't take your offer of kindness, thank you; my sister is so crotchety.

"I've brought you a paper to-day, miss. Isn't it a dreadful thing about the little boy that's been stole?"

She looked keenly at Grace; but her eyes were fixed on some music that she was turning over, and no tinge of color rose in her face.

"Then it ain't nothing to her," thought Mrs. Kirkman, "or else she ain't read the paper that Softy bought just now."

"Is there a child stole?" said Molly. "Lor, what's the good of that? You can't buy sweeties with a baby, nor you can't swop 'em away for shoes nor nothin'. And a baby eats more'n a hoss—so feyther used to say."

"There's a big reward offered for the baby," resumed Mrs. Kirkman, laughing uneasily.

"I wish I knew where it was. I'd soon earn the money.

"But the papers is making such a fuss over it because it happens to be a little lord! If it was a poor body's child, there'd be nothing said.

"Only last month a very respectable greengrocer as I know lost his little boy through a tramp carrying him off, and the perlice never troubled theirselves, nor the papers neither.

"That boy coomed back promiscuous, through a pawnbroker as the woman took his clothes to.

"And he was in rags, and his little face pinched and white as a bone through carrying that tramp's own fat baby for miles and miles of a day.

"But the papers took no notice. He was not a lord, so nobody troubled 'cept his mother, who went off her head, and his father, who drunk hisself mad through rushing into the publics to hask questions and getting treated all round, which the people did for pity.

"And here's the paper, miss.

"You can read all about the little lord yourself.

"I must go to my nephew now. I expect he's craving after me by this time."

"Do you expect your sister here to-day?" asked Grace, as carelessly as she could.

"I'm not rightly sure, miss; but I am afraid she won't be here till the morning," returned Mrs. Kirkman, closing the door on herself as she spoke.

Grace spent a feverish day.

The slow hours crawled on so wearily that each minute seemed loaded with a new pain, making her burden of thought heavier.

At length night fell, and a chill thick rain pattered against the windows, mingling with the sound of a rough wind, which blew in gusts, rattling all the casements as with a sudden blow.

Just after midnight, when, save for the roar of the storm, all within the house was still, Grace crept silently and in darkness to the top of the staircase.

After a momentary pause, she felt her way to the door of the room which she knew was above her own; she tried the handle; it turned, but gave her no admittance.

The door was locked.

Trembling lest she should be heard by others, she put her lips to the key-hole and breathed Alan's name in a full whisper.

There was no reply.

In great fear she tried a louder call, and listened with fast-beating heart: but there was no sound, no stir of life inside.

Troubled beyond measure, but determined to succeed, she took advantage of the rattle made by a heavy gust of wind and rain to shake the door gently, but yet with force.

This did not awake the child, as she had hoped it would; but, to her surprise, the door itself yielded—the crazy lock had slipped from the hasp—and in another moment she was within the room.

A night-light was burning on the chimney-piece; it threw a faint ray on the small, white, wan face of little Alan Fitzurse.

Grace felt her eyes fill with tears as she leant over him; he was so changed, so miserably changed, since the happy days at Caermorran, when his joyous laugh had often made her glad.

Now his hands were cold and thin, his face was clammy and white as the pillow on which it rested, all tangled over by his fair hair.

For a moment, as she pressed her lips upon his cheek, Grace wondered at his heavy sleep; then she guessed the truth.

He had been drugged!

His cry to Grace in the night had alarmed the conspirators, and his quietude for the future had been thus ensured. Grace awoke him with infinite difficulty and twined his wasted arms about her neck.

"Alan, dear Alan, awake! Don't you know me—don't you know Grace?"

There was fear in the large wild eyes that looked into hers in doubt, there was terror in the clinging of the thin arms, in the quivering of the small pale lips.

"It is Grace—really Grace!" And now, trembling in every wasted limb, he started up and clung to her with all his little force.

"Grace, I am only a little child; don't let them hurt me! I will be good and quiet—indeed I will!"

"My darling, my darling, no one shall hurt you!"

And Grace pressed him tightly to her bosom, showering kisses on the pretty wan face, which was so pale that it might have moved a heart of stone.

"Why have you been so long?" said the child, smoothing her cheek with a little trembling hand.

"They said you were coming soon. And, when Charlotte took me by the hand in the park, she said you were under the trees waiting for me.

"Oh, Grace, why did you tell them to bring me to this wicked place?"

"My darling, it is not I who have done this cruel thing. Never believe a word they say; they are wicked people."

"And isn't it true that they are going to take me back to papa?"

"No, no; I fear not."

"But they are coming, Grace; they are coming—the two men, you know, who brought me here, and they have promised to take me home."

Grace started in terror as she heard this. Could it be true, and would the child be carried away to-morrow to some safer place of concealment unknown to her? If so, then he would be lost indeed.

"Alan," she whispered firmly, "if you will be brave, I will take you home to-night."

Could she dare do this?

Could she traverse this wilderness of streets at this hour alone, except for an infant's companionship?

She did not ask herself the question.

She felt only that she must act instantly, and that all dangers were but shadows compared to the joy of restoring her lover's child.

She began to dress him quickly, listening the while to any sound that mingled with the rushing rain and the beating of the wind against the casement.

No voice, no step disturbed her as her hurried fingers arrayed the trembling child.

Each time he was about to speak she put her fingers on his lips, and, with a little wistful smile, he kept silent.

It took but a short time to dress him, but it was a time of agony.

In five minutes she was descending the stairs with a soft swift step, holding him in her arms.

It took her but a moment to put on her own cloak and hat, while he stood by her side, wondering, but silent and patient and full of trust.

Another minute, and the last flight of stairs was descended, and there remained only a passage and a closed door between her and liberty.

Fearing to blunder in darkness at the lock, she struck a light, and, as she did so, she heard a slight sound, saw the latch move, and before she could start back or save herself, the door was suddenly pushed open, and the still blazing match flared upon the handsome face of Delgado and the dull countenance of Charlotte Wilson.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ANOTHER threatening letter?" said Lady Anne.

"My dear Anne their name is Legion," returned Lord Enderby. "But they are not all threats. Some are sympathetic, some are scolding, some are advising and all are useless."

"Won't you take them to the police?"

"The police are welcome to them as waste-paper."

"But surely, Alan, those from Ireland, tied with green ribbon and written on green paper, mean something?"

"Yes, they mean a lie which no one but a policeman would believe.

"To the police nowadays everything is Fenianism which can't be otherwise accounted for."

With a glance full of sorrow Anne looked at his pale, careworn, altered face.

"But what happened in Ireland was surely Fenianism?" she said. "And why should not this be the same?"

"It is the same; but it is not Fenianism. Its name is terror. The heaviest chain that men have ever forged is the one with which they shackle themselves in Freedom's name. For liberty they bind themselves into secret societies, and awake to find they are slaves.

"The police will not discover my child, neither shall I recover him through a reward.

"Money is of no use to men who would die the hour they received it. The death of an informer is as sure as it is terrible."

"Then what will you do?" asked Anne anxiously.

"There are two courses open to me," returned Lord Enderby, pacing the room in deep thought.

"I can wait till a large sum is demanded of me as my child's ransom—this is the course your aunt advises"—and with a curious fitful smile he looked at Anne—"or I can——"

He paused and stood still in his walk, his eyes fixed on the floor.

Anne rose from her chair, and, hurrying to his side, put her hand on his arm.

"What is the alternative?" she said in a low voice.

"I can go to Russia and yield myself a prisoner in my boy's place,

"But that would be madness!" said Anne, her grasp on his arm tightening and trembling. "What would they do with you in Russia.

"Carry out my sentence. Don't you know I am condemned to death?"

There was a smile on his face; but in his voice there was sad earnestness.

"Don't utter such ghastly jests!" said Anne with tears in her eyes.

"It is no jest, Anne. It is one of the terrible facts now confronting us that men meet secretly in their executive committees and condemn other men to death, and these men die.

"And it is more terrible still that men have never thought of murder are ordered to commit it, and they obey. Obey or die—that is the choice given them Anne."

The girl was very pale, her eyes were still fixed on his face; in every line there she realized the truth of his words.

"You will not go to Russia," she said, her voice quivering; "you will wait till a ransom is demanded for little Alan?"

"I think not Anne. I am not so very anxious to give your aunt twenty thousand a year."

He spoke in his old dry tone, but without the kind look in his eyes which had so often tempered his speech to Grace.

"What do you mean?" cried Anne hurriedly.

"When Alan dies, his money is hers for life then yours. Ada's settlement was drawn in this way by her wish. Lord Brentwyche yielded to it, so did I. In fact, I did not think it unfair that he should consider his wife and his niece next after his daughter and her child."

Anne was silent a moment, her face grave and sad.

"Then you think Alan will die?" she said.

He assented silently to her words; they paced the room together a full minute, neither speaking.

Anne broke the silence.

"But for ther own sakes they will take every care of the child—and they will claim the reward and demand a heavy ransom besides.

"So don't you see for their own interests——"

"I see it all, Anne," he interposed; "but I see also that every day as it passes over my child's head is a day of agony. And I know his temperament; he cannot endure to the end. Every hour's delay brings him a step nearer death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cousin Basil.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

I WAS a widow.

A young widow, I suppose, for no one would regard three and twenty as a very venerable age.

And a pretty widow, people said.

Whether they were right or wrong I cannot take upon myself to say.

Of course I knew, whenever I looked in the glass, that I was not an absolute fright—and so, when my cousin Mrs. Foxley invited me to spend a summer with her at the Oriental Hotel, where there were balls and soirees, lawn-tennis and archery breakfasts going on all the while, I wasn't at all sorry that Mdlle. Chatelage had sent home my lovely new half-mourning dresses, all trimmed with pearl and lavender, sparkling jet and prismatic clair de lunes, and that Aunt Lavinia, our family "etiquette-book," had decided that it was quite proper to wear my diamonds if I pleased.

For I was a decided brunette, and dark women always look well in diamonds.

Not that it had occurred to me that I should ever marry again.

My old commodore had been very good and kind to me, but he was feeble and ailing, and required a great deal of care, and my general impression of matrimony was that it involved trouble and solicitude, and a constant burden of responsibility.

And now I was free, and I intended to remain so!

I felt like a caged bird that has managed to give its golden wires the slip, a butterfly in the blue June air.

I meant to go to the Oriental Hotel, and have a royal time waltzing, dreaming, even coquetting a little in a harmless sort of way if it seemed good to me—but as for marrying again, no not I!

Even Priscilla Bent, my companion, who was the most logical of creatures, declared that I would be the greatest fool alive to do that.

But we never know just what is going to happen to us.

The very night before we were to start for the Oriental I came into the room where Priscilla was packing the lace things, which were too nice and delicate to be entrusted to Fifine the maid.

"Prissy," said I, "look here.

"A telegram from San Domingo!

"My cousin Fanny Black is dead."

"Dear me, how sad!" said Prissy, putting on the regulation look of affliction, although she had never in her life seen Mrs. Captain Basil Black, of H. M. 114th Fusiliers, stationed in the West Indies.

"But I suppose that won't interfere with our trip to the seaside, will it?"

"But that isn't all," said I.

"She has left a son.

"And with her dying breath she charged it on her attendants that I should take him to the country and make a home for him."

"How old is he?" said Priscilla Bent, looking aghast.

"And——"

"Let me see," said I, counting upon my fingers.

"Basil Black—that's his name, for I remember cousin Fanny writing about him to mamma when I was a mite of a thing—must be one and twenty at least, by this time."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Priscilla, "and you are only just turned twenty-three yourself!"

"Prissy," cried I, with mischievous glee, "you're as good as a book of dates!"

"But it won't be proper," said Priscilla.

"Not proper!" echoed I.

"Why won't it be proper?

"Isn't the dear old commodor's house big enough for all of us?

"I think, myself, it will be rather fine to fit up a suite of bachelor apartments, smoking-room, dressing-room——"

"Elsie," cried Miss Bent, in despair, "I believe you would make fun of anything! Don't you see how outlandish this plan would be?

"Write at once to these San Domingo people and tell them it is out of the question."

"It is too late now, Prissy," said I.

"They are on the way here, don't you see?

"I shouldn't wonder if the steamer were in port now.

"And you know, Prissy, I've always wanted to adopt a little boy, only the dear commodore wouldn't let me."

"Elsie!"

"Yes, Prissy."

"I think you must be crazy," groaned Miss Bent.

"A little boy indeed!

"A dashing, flirting, drinking, West India fellow, six feet high, I'll go bail, and broad to correspond!

"I shall leave the house!"

"No you won't, Prissy," said I coaxingly. "You'll just make the best of it, as I am going to do.

"I dare say he is very nice—and poor Fanny never would have left him in my charge if he wasn't all that is proper.

"And perhaps he'll want to go to college, or study law or something, so he won't be very much in the house, after all, and you know, Prissy, one can't neglect a dying woman's request."

"It was very thoughtless of her, at all events," grumbled my faithful old chaperone.

"A young thing like you."

I laughed.

"I daresay she heard that I was a widow," said I, "and probably imagined me a middle-aged horror, with eye-glasses and a double chin.

"Leave these things, Prissy; we shall not go to the seaside now, until cousin Basil is safely installed with his gun-cases, his hookahs and chibouks, his books and papers in my blue rooms.

"Come with me and we'll have up the housekeeper, and turn them into a bachelor suite at once."

I was very happy for the next three days, studying the imaginary tastes of my unknown cousin, culling out choice editions of the poets, hanging rare engravings on the walls and matching carpets and curtains.

Miss Bent, poor old soul, said it was all nonsense—that no young man of any spirit could condescend to "sit down" (that was her expression) "in a house where he was to be a dependant."

"But he's my cousin, Prissy," said I. "He has a claim on me."

"Nonsense," said Priscilla; "that doesn't alter the case in the least."

In the mean time I was watching the papers, and when I saw in the shipping columns the arrival of the "Bonnie Kate" from San Domingo I put on my hat and veil, ordered the carriage, and called Prissy to go and accompany me to welcome my new guest.

"If I must, I must," said Prissy.

But she was not at all enthusiastic about it.

I was just pinning the crape bow under my chin, when Alice the parlor-maid came curtseying in.

"A young gentleman in the parlor to see you, ma'am," she said, in a smiling flurry. "From the San Domingo steamer. And——"

"I'll go down at once, Alice," I cried, tearing off my hat and veil and flinging the heavy crape streamers on one side.

"Elsie, Elsie; wait," Priscilla's shrill voice entreated me, but my mind was full of poor cousin Fanny and her orphan child and hurry downstairs, I found myself face to face with a tall slender young man, very pale and fair, with dark blue eyes, a soft silky moustache, and a plain mourning dress.

Involuntarily I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You are welcome, cousin Basil," said I; "welcome a thousand times."

He drew back, coloring a little.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Charteris," he said, "but there is some mistake here.

"This is your cousin," and a pale child of four or five years old, whose long golden curls hung over his black suit, crept out from the shadow of the curtains, slowly and shyly.

"I am Frank," said he.

"And Mr. Lesley is my dear, dear friend. He lived on the next place, in San Domingo.

"He has come to London with me."

"But," I cried, looking helplessly around me, "where is Basil?"

"Basil died two years ago, when the yellow fever decimated our place," said Mr. Lesley quietly.

"I was his most intimate friend.

"Little Frank is all that is now left of the Black family, and I promised his mother to see him safely to your house."

I looked with a pang of pity at the dear little golden-haired fellow, of whose very existence I had hitherto been ignorant.

"Dear little Frankie," said I, "you shall be my little boy henceforward," and I clasped the baby form to my breast.

"And Mr. Lesley, too?" said the little lad, solemnly reaching out his hand to his friend.

"Cousin Elsie likes Mr. Lesley or she wouldn't have kissed him."

I could feel myself coloring to the very roots of my hair, but Mr. Lesley's features never stirred.

"She thought I was you, Frankie, don't you see?" said he.

"She didn't expect to see such a little mite of a chap as you.

"Good-bye now.

"I am going to the hotel, and I shall see you very often if Mrs. Charteris——"

But at this Frankie burst into an infant cry of dismay and desolation, and I, recovering my presence of mind, spoke up at once—

"Frankie, don't cry," said I; "Mr. Lesley will not leave you—just at present, at least.

"You were my dead cousin's trusted friend, Mr. Lesley," I added, holding out my hand.

"May I not hope that you will be my guest also?"

And Mr. Lesley, seeing that I was thoroughly in earnest, consented.

"If I shall not be a bore," he said, while little Frankie jumped and danced around him for very joy.

"Now I shall love cousin Elsie all my life," said he.

"And so will Mr. Lesley."

Mr. Lesley occupied the suite of apartments which I had so unconsciously fitted up for the poor young cousin who was sleeping the while in the West Indian cemetery.

Little Frankie, who refused to be parted from him, slept in a crib, close to his bedside.

"Well, Prissy," I said merrily, to my elderly chaperone, "so we've got two guests instead of one."

"It's dreadful," growled poor Miss Bent.

"Do you think so?" said I.

"Now, it seems to me that it is very good fun."

"Well, of course any one can conjecture for themselves how it ended.

Mr. Lesley was young and handsome—moreover, he had a snug little property of his own.

He liked London, and incidentally remarked that if he had any object he would prefer to remain here permanently.

"But," he added mournfully, "it is sad to be so entirely without ties, that no one cares whether you stay in one place or another."

"I care," piped up Frank, who sat as usual by his side, holding his hand.

"And so does Elsie."

"Yes," said I laughing, though not without some confusion.

"Frankie is right.

"We both care."

"Then," said Mr. Lesley, "I will stay."

We were engaged within the month.

And as soon as I laid off my half mourning we were married, so that Frankie never yet has been compelled to separate from his friend.

And Miss Bent lives with us still, and we are very, very happy.

There is the end of my love story.

Ought not all love stories to end so?

Miss Bent says that all real romances end sadly, but my experience, you see, has been altogether different.

And perhaps I am a better judge than she is.

ECCENTRIC PREACHERS.—Friar Cuthbert was one of the class of jocular preachers so popular in mediæval times. They preached what was called comic homilies for Easter. Their works have been printed, and the student of early manners may consult them with advantage, though he may be repelled by their coarseness. They were bold satirists, dwelling perhaps too exclusively on the baser aspects of human life. In their denunciation of prevailing vices they did not spare the most exalted personages. Maillard, the cordelier, so irritated Louis XII. by his strictures that he threatened to have him thrown into the Seine. "The King may do as he pleases," replied the undaunted preacher, "but tell him that I shall sooner get to Paradise by water than he will arrive by all his post horses."

But we shall best give the reader an idea of the style adopted by these jocular clergy by quoting a few sentences from a sermon preached by Father Onorato, the Capuchin, which we have come across in a curious old Italian work. In the course of the sermon he brought into the pulpit a skull, which he addressed as follows "Speak," he said, "speak and tell me whether you were not once the head of a magistrate? You don't answer? Silence shows consent." He then placed upon the head a judge's cap, exclaiming at the same time, "Have you not often sold justice for gold? Have you not often been in league with the advocate in order to deprive the widow and the fatherless of their rights? You don't answer? Silence shows consent." He then laid down the skull and took up another, to which he exclaimed, "Were you not the head of one of those light-minded damsels whose every thought is given to their coquettries?" Then taking a cuff from his sleeve, he placed it upon the hideous relic of humanity, crying: "Miserable head, where are now the soft, languid glances that used to captivate the unwary? Where is that beautiful mouth which formed such fascinating smiles? Where are now the pearly teeth, where the rouge, where the cosmetics with which the face was so often painted?" And so on in this train the Capuchin continued, describing all the various conditions of life, and altering the position of the skull, which he held in his hand, according to the subject with which he had to deal. On one occasion Louis XIV. asked Bourdaloui, the famous orator of Notre Dame, his opinion of Onorato. "Sire," was the reply, "that preacher tickles indeed the ear, but also pricks the heart. People return at his sermons the purses they steal at mine."

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.—Plautus was a baker. Terence was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Virgil, son of a potter. Niebuhr was a peasant. Collins, son of a hatter. Demosthenes of a cutler. Richardson was a printer. Ferguson was a shepherd. Horace, son of a shopkeeper. Rabelais, son of an apothecary. Samuel Butler, son of a farmer. Moliere, son of a tapestry maker. Lucian was the son of a statuary. Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher. Howard, an apprentice to a grocer. Gay was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Oliver Cromwell, the son of a brewer. Hesiod was the son of a small farmer. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Shakspeare, the son of a wool-stapler. Matthew Prior, son of a joiner in London. Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire. Whitefield, a son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester. Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer.

Bric-a-Brac.

BIRD SEXTONS.—What becomes of the dead birds? It will be found by watching carefully, that the orange-spotted beetles are the little sextons that bury sparrows, mice, squirrels and even the larger creatures which die in the woods and fields.

AN ICELANDIC STORY.—The falcon and ptarmigan are really brother and sister. The latter knows this, and takes no great pains to avoid her brother, but the falcon does not know it; he therefore pounces on his sister and tears her to pieces. It is only when he lays bare her heart that he sees how much she loved him, and that is the reason why the falcon always flies away screaming after having killed a ptarmigan.

TEA AND DEATH.—It is customary in many parts of China for the inhabitants on concluding the morning or evening meal, after putting in more water, to take their teapots in their hands and go forth and pour the contents on the burial-places of their recently deceased friends. It is a touching ceremony, somewhat similar to the simple but obsolete custom of our ancestors of strewing flowers over the graves of the departed. In Cochin China they merely scatter the tea-leaves.

MOUNT HECLA.—In 1783, it threw a current of burning lava, sixty miles long and fifteen broad. In Mexico, a plain was filled up by it into a mountain one thousand six hundred feet high, by an eruption in 1759. Its heat is so great that it continues to smoke for above twenty years afterwards; and a piece of wood took fire in lava three years and a half after it had been ejected, at a distance of five miles from the crater. Sometimes they throw up mud, and produce extensive devastations.

NOXIOUS WINDS.—The samiel is a hot, noxious wind, which sometimes passes over the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. It moves with the quickness of lightning, and passes in narrow currents, lasting only a few minutes. It occasions instant death to every man or beast who happens to face it, and it is said that it so decomposes them, that their limbs fall asunder. The coming of it is indicated by a thick haze in the horizon, and travellers, if they have time, throw themselves on their face with their feet toward it till it has passed.

A WELSH CURE FOR THE AGUE.—Being in the new church of Aber, Carnarvonshire, lately, says a letter writer, I was looking at the old font, brought from the ancient church there when it was demolished to make room for the present new edifice, and noticing four circular hollows on the rim, suggested that the ancient cover or canopy of the font probably sprang from them or fitted into them. "Nay," said the venerable rector; "my people say that they were caused by scraping away the stone; dust from the church font mixed in water and drunk early in the morning being considered a cure for ague."

GENIUS AND SILENCE.—In conversation Dante was taciturn or satirical; Butler was silent or caustic; Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Descartes, whose avocation formed him for meditation and solitude was silent; Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial and even irritable, when much pressed by the talk of others. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us, "My conversation is dull and slow, my humor saturnine and reserved; in short I am not one of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or to make repartees."

THE LAST DAY.—Before the judge shall be borne his standard which Chrysostom and divers other doctors affirm shall be the very cross on which he suffered. Then shall the just meet (as the apostle says) their Redeemer in the air; who at his issuing forth of the heavens, shall, with a voice that may be heard all the world pronounce this his commandment, "Arise, ye dead, and come unto judgment;" which shall be proclaimed by four angels, in four quarters of the world, with such vehemence that the souls of the condemned the sound shall pierce unto the infernal re-enter their bodies, which shall from thenceforward suffer the torments of hell.

KINGS AND MURDER.—We cannot wonder that kings so readily cause men to be killed, when it appears, on authority, that Charles the Tenth, in a single year gratified his royal taste by eighty-nine stag-hunts, and by shooting three thousand two hundred and five peasants, one thousand three hundred and seventy-five partridges, five hundred and fifty-five hares, and one thousand five hundred and thirty-two rabbits. In all, this royal exemplar destroyed, in one year, seven thousand four hundred and four animals, most of them more worthy to live than himself; while his precious son, the dauphin, claimed his seven thousand and twenty-five, including more pheasants and hares than his father.

THE INSCRIPTION.—At the beginning of the present century a trick was played on a learned antiquary by a student who pretended to have found on the heights of Montmartre an ancient stone bearing the inscription:

C. E. . . . S. T. I. . . . C. L. L. E. C. . . . H. E. M. . . . I. N. D. . . . E. S. A. N. . . . E. S. . . . . Many members of the Academie des Inscriptions were said to have been caught by it. The more they cudgelled their brains the further they wandered from the interpretation thereof. Whereas, the letters read straight on would have told them that "C est ici le chemin des anes:". . . . "T. H. . . . I. S. I. S. T. H. . . . E. P. A. T. . . . H. F. O. R. D. . . . O. N. K. . . . E. Y. S.". . . . "This is the path for donkeys."

THE NIGHT.

BY C. SWIFT.

I love the night, the gentle night,
When flowers have gone to rest,
And from the sky the stars shine forth
Upon the sea's calm breast.
There's music in the woodland bowers,
And in the evening air
That passes o'er my fevered brow,
And through my tangled hair.

I love the night, the gentle night,
When moonbeams kiss the flowers,
And gentle streamlets murmur low
Through Flora's wildwood bowers;
For when the wind's low sigh is heard
That fans the summer sea,
And fairies roam within the wood,
My thoughts are turned to thee.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

DEATH has a majesty of its own; and General Sir Arthur Hutton, who had shown scant courtesy to Martin Ray, when alive, who had indeed detested him, now that he was dead, showed honor and respect to his memory.

He remained at the cottage with Leah and Hettie, he attended the funeral, and then the little council was held which decided the fate of so many.

There was no sensation when the quiet funeral procession wound its way down the green hill to the pretty churchyard.

Few knew that the once popular "Voice of the People" was laid to rest there, that the man who had taught sedition and treason, whose voice had been as a flame of fire, slept his last long sleep in the quiet churchyard.

The waves sang his requiem.

Martin Ray had left nothing but his name.

In one sense his daughters were pleased that it was so.

It disproved, they thought, most conclusively, many of the charges brought against him.

He had not made money out of his starving admirers.

The funeral was over, and the General and his two nieces sat in the little parlor, where the blinds were still drawn and the gloom of death still lingered.

Now that the last solemn rites had been performed, the General was anxious to return home; it was of no use spending even another hour in Southwood.

But he wanted to take Hettie back with him.

At their first interview he had been so entirely captivated by Leah that he had not taken much notice of Hettie.

He remembered only that she was fair, sweet, and winsome, and that, although he was angry and irritated with her, he could not help admiring her faithful love and devotion to one of the most unprepossessing of men.

He had taken her sister away, and had forbidden all mention of her name; but his anger had been against the girl's father, and not against herself.

Now that her father was dead, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that he should adopt her.

He asked her to return with him, to live with him as his daughter, and not to leave them again.

He liked her all the better because she was in no hurry to accept the invitation.

The girl's heart was still sore with the old pain.

She could not forget all at once that this man who was willing now to make her his adopted daughter had denounced her father in most unmeasured terms; she could not forget the scene in the gloomy little house in Manchester.

In death, as in life, her heart was faithful to her father.

Had he lived, she would have refused every overture from Sir Arthur; she was with difficulty persuaded even to listen to him.

On the day of the funeral he asked her what she intended to do.

She told him that she should live on there at the cottage and continue her teaching.

She could always earn enough money for her maintenance.

Sir Arthur looked at her, so young, so fair, so refined, and he vowed to himself that it should never be.

Then he talked to Leah.

He would do nothing without consulting her.

Her eyes filled with tears when she heard of his generous proposal.

"It is the only thing wanting to make my life perfectly happy," she said.

"I love Hettie so dearly! No one will ever know what it cost me to leave her."

Yet it did not seem sure that Hettie would consent.

To live in grand houses, to wear costly jewels and rich dresses, to have every luxury that the world can give, was not much to Hettie.

The world could really give her nothing, for she knew it had nothing to give.

The General's offer would have been no temptation to her but her great love for Leah.

Sir Arthur was perfectly frank.

"Leah," he said, "I look upon as my adopted child, as my own daughter.

"From the moment she turned to me, acknowledging her mother's wish—from that moment she has been to me my own.

"You, Hettie, can never take her place, nor even stand near her in my affections."

To which Hettie, with a slight flush on her fair face, said that she had not the least wish to rival Leah, that she had clung to her father, and that, if the choice were offered to her again, she should do the same thing.

Sir Arthur was not the least offended at her words.

He seemed to like her all the better for them.

He kissed her, and her face flushed a little at his words.

"Come with me, Hettie," he said. "You shall be my daughter. Leah is my heiress; but I will give you a fortune."

"I do not wish any fortune," she answered simply; "I have no use for money. But I do want Leah. I would be Leah's maid in order that I might be near her."

And Sir Arthur thought, as he saw the two sisters embrace each other, that it would be a thousand pities ever to part them again.

They were in perfect contrast, yet there was something similar in the two faces.

Leah's was proud; Hettie's was tender.

Leah was brilliant with the dark beauty of her face; the statuesque grace of her magnificent neck and shoulders; Hettie was all that was most sweet and winsome.

Men would probably admire Leah more, but love Hettie best.

Sir Arthur wished with all his heart that his sister had lived, that she might have seen these two fair women.

How proud she would have been of them!

How she would have loved them!

And now they were both alone in the world, and quite dependent on him.

In her way, Hettie was as deserving as Leah.

He would give her a handsome fortune; he could do that without injury to Leah's interests.

She might marry well; or, when Leah had married Sir Basil, this girl, who had been so true and so loving to her father, might prove a comfort to him.

Had it been the General's wish alone to make her home at Brentwood, Hettie would have refused; but she refused nothing to the beloved sister whom she had loved so well and had lost so long.

The General said all that he had to say, and then went out to smoke a cigar on the sea-wall where Martin Ray and Sir Basil had often stood, leaving the sisters to finish the debate alone.

When he had gone, golden-haired Hettie went up to her stately sister.

"Oh, Leah," she cried, "is there no other way in which we could be together?

"After all he said to our poor father, I feel that I shall hate to live under his roof and eat his bread.

"If you would come and live with me, I would work so hard to keep you, and you should never work at all."

Leah laughed.

How little this good sister of hers knew to what luxury she was accustomed.

She kissed the sweet face.

"You must not forget, Hettie," she said, "all about our mother.

"Remember that Sir Arthur represents her.

"If she were living, if she could speak to us, I am quite sure that she would tell us both that he stood in her place.

"I can never leave him.

"Instead of asking me to do that, make up your mind to come and live with me.

"He is so kind; we shall be very happy together.

"Oh, Hettie, can you understand how much I have always wanted you?"

"Yes, I can, for I was never happy without you."

And then Hettie told her sister how she had watched Harbury House, and how she had seen her once at the theatre, and how she had purchased from the footman the bouquet that she held in her hands.

Leah's face softened and brightened.

"Did you really love me so much?" she asked. "I wish I had known you were so near me; I should have risked a great deal to speak to you.

"How strange that we should be parted as we were!

"I could not have stayed.

"I could never have been what my father desired.

"Oh, Hettie, do as Sir Arthur wishes—come home with us!

"You must have suffered terribly.

"I will make it all up to you."

She caressed the golden head that lay upon her breast; she kissed the flower-like face.

"You are so fair, so graceful, so sweet!

"I long to see you dressed in handsome silks and laces. You will be a queen of beauty. I know few women in London so fair as you."

"I do not care for that; I want only to be near you, Leah, where I can see you in the morning and at night, where I can listen to your voice and hear what people say of you. I could never live away from you again, now that I've found you, Leah."

"There is need for it, Hettie, if you will but listen to reason," said Leah.

It was touching to see those two fair women, the lovely faces so near together the slender arms entwined, the dark head bending over the fair one.

Hettie looked up at Leah.

"I should not like," she said, "to interfere with your prospects, Leah. You are Sir Arthur's heiress, and it is quite right.

"I would have much sooner have shared my father's poverty than my uncle's wealth.

"I had my choice, and it does not seem fair for me to interfere with you."

"Our uncle is rich enough, Hettie darling, to adopt half a dozen nieces," her sister replied tranquilly.

"There can be no question of interference with me. Even if there were, and I had to share my fortune with you, believe me, I should be only too happy.

"You are more to me than any money, Hettie.

"I imagine that, because you saw me leave a poor father and transfer my affections to a rich uncle, you argue I love money.

"You are wrong.

"Had my uncle been poor and my father rich, I should have done just the same.

"I do not want to speak of it; but it was the teaching, the life that I disliked. I would have done anything to escape from it.

"It seems to me, Hettie, that Heaven has befriended us.

"Last year we had no hope, no thought of ever seeing each other again; now we are offered the same home if you, Hettie, will but lower your pride.

"I am sure that, if you knew Sir Arthur you would like him. He has the bravest, truest heart, the noblest soul——"

"He hated my father," interrupted Hettie, "and he took you from me."

"I went of my own free will," said Leah; "I should have run away, Hettie, if I had not accepted his offer; and, remember, it was not my father, but his teachings and belief, that Sir Arthur hated.

"Oh, Hettie, now that we have found each other, do not let us part! I will bury the past; you do the same.

"We are alone in the world; let us live for each other. There is nothing but pride between us. Hettie, if you love me, you will let that pride die."

"It is not pride, Leah. Do you not understand? It seems to me that, if I go to Sir Arthur, I am disloyal to my father."

"That is only fancy—a morbid fancy. Your path seems to me clear enough."

"But, Leah"—and the blue eyes anxiously sought the dark ones—"I have not had your advantages. I do not see how I can. You and I are quite different now. You are a lady of fashion and rank; I am only a poor music-teacher."

"What nonsense, Hettie! We are sisters. Can anything undo that? If you come to regard the matter in its true light, which of us two has led the nobler life—you or I? If there is any unworthiness, it is on my side, not on yours.

"My pretty Hettie, for months after I had left you, I dreamed of these golden ripples of hair.

"How strange it was—our uncle coming so suddenly and putting before us so terrible a choice?"

"I have never repented mine," said Hettie.

"Nor have I mine," declared Leah. "But now the time has come when we may be happy together, if you are willing, Hettie."

She prevailed at length, but it was after a long struggle.

Hettie promised to make her home with Sir Arthur and her sister; and Leah knew that she would keep her word.

It was arranged that they should go first to London, where a fitting trousseau and mourning could be provided; and the two sisters left Southwood with their hearts full of love for each other, but each keeping her secret.

Leah had not told Hettie of her passionate love, her approaching marriage, or the pain which weighed at times so heavily upon her; nor did Hettie tell Leah of that episode in her life which was to her like a fair sweet dream.

CHAPTER XLI.

THERE was a long animated discussion between the General and Hettie.

She was so firmly resolved not to relinquish her name, and Sir Arthur was as fully determined that the name of Ray should never be heard in his house.

It was Leah who decided the matter.

She represented to Hettie that if she lived in her uncle's house, if she accepted a fortune at his hands, she was bound in honor to accept it on his conditions.

Again Hettie would have held out, and have left him; but Leah prevailed.

Hettie could not resist her "for my sake, dear."

She could refuse nothing to the beloved sister from whom she had been parted so long.

There was nothing of obstinacy in the tender heart of Hettie, but there was always a quick loving sense that she must do nothing which could seem disloyal to the dead.

Had she met the brave, simple old soldier elsewhere, had he been anyone but her uncle, she would have liked him at once; but between her and Sir Arthur stood the memory of the father whom she had loved and he had denounced.

The more the General saw of Hettie the more he liked her.

He thought she was possessed of an extraordinary combination of brilliant qualities.

She was loving, gentle, and tender of heart without being weak and undecided; she was firm and self-reliant without obstinacy.

She lacked the touch of genius which Leah had, but she was the very ideal of true womanhood.

Every hour the General grew more charmed with her.

There was no restlessness, no passion in her fair calm face.

"Anyone on seeing you would think, my dear," said the General to her, "that you had gone through a great deal of trouble."

"Why?" she asked with a smile—they were driving then from the station home to Brentwood.

"I should be puzzled, Hettie, to say why; your eyes have a strangely calm expression."

Leah's dark eyes were fixed anxiously on her.

Hettie's thoughts went back to the hour when, under the twinkling stars, she had bidden her lover good-bye—back to that pain which had been so great that it had stunned her.

Now she would have time to realize it all.

The lovely face grew a shade paler as she answered:

"My life has been like all other lives, I suppose, uncle," she replied evasively.

"All the happiness has to come," interrupted Leah.

And the General, looking at her fair face, wondered whether, if Hettie had come to him first, he would have loved her best; at present he thought that she should never in this world care for any one as he did for his beautiful Leah.

They had been two days in London, and had been so incessantly occupied that there had been but few opportunities for conversation.

The General was strictly just.

Leah was his heiress; for her there were rare jewels, Indian spoils, all that was most costly and magnificent.

For Hettie there was position, and there was luxury, but her fortune would be by no means so extensive.

Sir Arthur had soon made up his mind as to what he would be able to give Hettie for her dower; and the interest on it was to be her own, to spend as she liked.

All these arrangements were made in detail during their stay in London.

It was evident to all who knew them that the General did not intend the two sisters to be on an equal footing.

Leah was to be mistress and heiress; Hettie, the new-comer, was to be subordinate to her.

It was evident to all that he loved Leah best.

Before they left London for Brentwood a better understanding was arrived at between Hettie and her uncle.

They were alike in many respects—in simple honesty and sincerity, in a certain unworldliness of character that was beautiful in itself, in a certain sense of honor and loyalty that both held most sacred.

When Hettie recovered her spirits, and began to talk more freely to the General, he was charmed with her sweet, quaint wisdom; she knew so much, she was so helpful, so self-reliant, and she excused herself so readily when he taxed her with much learning or scholarship.

She had been obliged to read, she said, in order to converse with her father.

Such was the love this girl had borne him so tender, so devoted, so true, that the General could not forbid all mention of his name; and, though Hettie seldom referred to her father, when she did so she was listened to in silence, if not with respect.

Leah seemed much happier.

Her love and her lover were to her far too sacred to be lightly discussed as they drove from shop to shop in search of elegancies and novelties in the way of dress.

"Hettie," she said one morning, "I cannot tell you much while we are here amid the noise and bustle of London, but when we reach Brentwood I shall have something to say to you."

In the meantime they were most happy together.

Leah was far too noble for jealousy.

She delighted to see her uncle lavish kindness, valuable presents, and attentions on Hettie.

She was far more pleased than when the like were lavished on herself; and Sir Arthur was proud of her generosity.

During these ten days she had heard repeatedly from Sir Basil.

Why she said nothing about him she could scarcely have explained, except on the ground that she intended to tell Hettie all the story of her love when they were at Brentwood.

The General had said to her one day that it would be better for her to say nothing of Hettie to Sir Basil at present; she could tell him, however, that he would find another inmate at Brentwood, one whom he would be compelled to like very much, and that Sir Arthur had a communication to make to him when they met again.

"He will think I am married," laughed the General. "How surprised he will be!"

"Uncle," asked Leah suddenly, "do you think that Basil will like Hettie?"

He looked at her uneasily for a short time, and then he replied:

"I should think that he is sure to like her.

"I do not see how he can help it.

"The difference between you two sisters is this—you take one's heart by storm, Hettie creeps into it unawares."

Leah laughed.

"The real question," she said, "is which is likely to remain the longer?"

"You would.

"Loving you, Leah, would be a fever which no man could shake off.

"Make yourself easy on that. Basil is sure to like Hettie."

But a few minutes after he had spoken the words the General did not seem quite like himself.

They returned to Brentwood; but Sir Basil was not there to meet them.

He had gone to Glasgow on some sudden and unforeseen business, and was uncertain as to the precise day of his return.

He had written to Leah, and professed to be most curious about the "new inmate"

and the communication that Sir Arthur had to make.

It was a very kind, affectionate letter, and Leah read it with a flush on her face and tears in her eyes.

She kissed it when she had mastered every word in it, and thought, with a glow of warmth at her heart, what a happy life lay before them.

And Basil would be sure to like Hettie.

Had not her uncle said so?—and he was clear of sight and keen of judgment.

She had no fear; the happy future for which she had longed and hoped was sure to be hers.

What of that curse the memory of which had haunted her and frightened her?

It meant nothing; it could be nothing; and, after all, her father had wished every word unsaid.

There came to her mind a sudden resolution; she would try to atone to her father by double love and goodness to Hettie.

She determined that when they reached Brentwood she would tell Hettie her love-story before she saw Basil, and afterwards they would be such good friends, such dear friends.

The weather had changed on the day they left London for Brentwood.

There was something like a gleam of warmth and brightness in the winter sun; the air was clear, the sky blue.

Leah was proud of Brentwood.

She saw Hettie's fair face flush and her eyes open wide as they drove through the magnificent avenue and the first view of the grand old mansion burst upon them.

"Is that Brentwood?" she asked. "Oh, Leah, I never thought it was like that! It is a palace!"

"There is many a palace not half so beautiful," said the General.

But Hettie was thinking that Leah would one day be mistress of it, and her wonder grew.

She was honestly pleased that Leah, and not herself, was to be so favored.

"I should not know what to do with such wealth," she thought to herself; and her eyes wandered from the grand old mansion to the beautiful face of her stately sister.

What a perfect queen she would make for that perfect home.

She liked the General more because of his warm welcome to her.

He kissed her, and bade her welcome to Brentwood, his heart full of honest emotion, his eyes full of tears.

Surely, if the little sister whom he had loved and lost years before knew how fully he had carried out her wishes, she would be pleased with him.

To Leah's eyes Brentwood had never looked so beautiful as it did in the gold and gray of this November day.

She was supremely happy.

She had chosen her sister's rooms—they were to be next her own—and they had been prettily arranged for her.

Leah showed her all over the house—the music-room, with its magnificent carvings, the grand picture-gallery, with its fine collection of paintings, the large drawing-room, with its beautiful decorations; and, whenever Hettie interrupted her sister, it was to say how well suited she was to the home over which she was to reign as mistress.

"We will go through the grounds and gardens to-morrow," said Leah. "I am tired now."

"What would my father have thought of all this splendor?" remarked Hettie wonderingly.

"He would have enjoyed it," was the quiet reply; and Hettie said no more.

It was late that night before either sister slept—the happiness of being together was so intense.

"It is like reaching a safe harbor after sailing on a stormy sea," thought Leah.

But she did not hear "the moaning of the harbor bar."

CHAPTER XLII.

A CLEAR frosty day in November, the first after Hettie's arrival at Brentwood, the sun shining brightly and the crisp air full of new life.

Leah said that the lovely weather was sent for her sister's benefit, that she might see Brentwood at its best.

Hettie was made to feel perfectly at home.

Her costly outfit was all packed away in the fine old oaken wardrobes; she had arranged her rooms according to her own idea of what was best, and her favorite books were all in their places.

The sisters had enjoyed making these arrangements, and the General was happier than he had ever been in his life before.

He rejoiced when he heard the sound of the two voices.

The happy, sunny laughter was music in his ears; and, after a day's shooting, he was never so happy in the drawing-room, when dinner was over, as when comparing the two faces, each so beautiful in its own way.

The General and his nieces were at breakfast together, and an argument arose as to whether three in family or in ordinary life were not better than two.

Hettie solved the question at once.

"Two persons may have the same ideas, the same opinions and thoughts, and thus may agree perfectly; but no three persons could possibly be alike.

"I should think, uncle," she continued gaily, "that in our case it would be Leah and yourself who would agree about everything, and I who should naturally oppose both."

By this time Sir Arthur and his niece were close friends.

They paid due respect and did homage to the fine and noble qualities they saw in each other.

Hettie had all the gentle, graceful tact of a well-bred, refined gentlewoman; she never touched on topics which she knew annoyed Sir Arthur or irritated him.

Once having become friends, they could have lived together forever without one word or shadow of disagreement.

Sir Arthur realized that his happiness was decidedly increased.

He looked forward with pleasure to the fact Hettie would be always with them.

At first, remembering the long and pleasant conversations that he had had with Leah, he had fancied the new-comer might be in the way.

He found that it was just the reverse—indeed that she added to their happiness.

The General had determined that, as soon as they were settled, he would give a series of entertainments, and that Hettie should be introduced to the great world.

There need be no concealment, no mystery: she was Leah's sister, and she had been living with a relative who now was dead.

He was still desirous, if it could be managed, that it should not be known to the world in general that they were the daughters of Martin Ray.

"I must have a long talk with Leah this morning," he said to himself, "and later on I must see Basil. I have much to say to him; but the chances are that he will not return to-day. I must wait."

When breakfast was over, the General went to his study, where the various newspapers awaited him.

There was no fear of his meeting with any more strong articles denouncing Martin Ray.

He could open a newspaper now without hesitation.

He was soon engrossed in some article on British rule in India, while the two sisters went out of doors.

The morning was too bright and too sunny to be lost.

"I will show you some of my favorite nooks, Hettie," said Leah. "I like this terrace better than any other part. See what a magnificent view there is of hill and dale, stream and meadow, rich farm-land and picturesque woods. All that belongs to my uncle."

"And will one day belong to you, Leah," returned her sister. "Ah, my darling, you were born to be a great lady! Nothing else would have suited you."

"I should like it all the better if you were to share it," she said quickly; and Hettie knew that she was speaking sincerely.

"I was never intended to be a great lady," declared Hettie. "If I had had my choice in my life, I should have preferred a pretty home, neither very luxurious nor very poor—a house amongst flowers and trees—and some one to love me—to love me very much, more than all the world. I envy no one wealth, or fortune, or fame, but I envy everyone who is blessed with love."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other in silence, and then Leah spoke.

"Come to the end of the terrace, Hettie," she said; "from that trellis-work you will see all down the avenue and the drive. Sit down in this sunny nook and let us talk here. The morning is not too cold. Do you see all this tangle of faded green and dried branches?"

"Yes," replied Hettie, wondering.

"In the summer that presents the finest show of passion-flowers in England; they grow all over the trellis-work, and even spread down to the terrace below. They are of all colors—brown, purple, and the one I love best, rich scarlet: they spread like a great vine. Do you like passion-flowers, Hettie?"

"Yes, but not so well as roses and lilies.

"They are too sad and too mystical for me."

"And I like them best of any flowers.

"I wonder, Hettie, what there is in me which inclines me to like what is sad better than what is bright and happy?

"I wonder if ever I shall be perfectly happy?"

"Are you not perfectly happy now, Leah—so beautiful, so rich, so gifted, so beloved?"

Leah, thinking of the shadow that she saw at times on her lover's face, answered—

"No, not perfectly.

"I do not know why.

"I have not a tangible sorrow, I have not even a very defined shadow of trouble; yet I could not from my heart say that I am perfectly happy."

"How strange!" said simple Hettie.

"Perhaps, Leah, you have one of those natures that nothing on earth can render content.

"They are so noble, so lofty, the little loves and little cares of this world do not satisfy them, and never will."

"How strange it seems to me to hear you, Hettie, talk in that fashion!" said Leah, with a smile; but she sighed as she thought that, if Basil loved her with the same worshipping love she gave him, she would be perfectly happy.

"I have read of people," continued Hettie, "who are never quite happy, who always want something better than they have, who are filled with an indefinite longing, yet have no idea what they long for.

"Do you know, Leah, that even when you were quite a child I noticed something in your face—a story, a shadow, a something quite different from the expression in other faces.

"You have it now—a shadow in your eyes.

"I cannot express in words just what I mean.

"You always looked restless, as though you were expecting something which never came."

"I ought not to have that now," she said, "for I have found what I wanted—that for which I hungered."

"Have you, Leah?"—and the blue eyes looked wistfully into the dark ones.

"I half thought so."

"I brought you here, Hettie, to tell you about it.

"I would not tell you until I could show you the very spot where I saw him first.

"I want to tell you, Hettie, because you must love him too.

"I was sitting here one lovely summer morning, a morning that stands quite apart from the rest of my life.

"The sun was shining; the river in the distance there was like a line of silver; the sweet morning air stirred the leaves and flowers; the exquisite passion-flowers were all in bloom, and I stood here amongst them, looking over the beautiful scene that had scarcely an equal.

"In the distance I saw my uncle walking up the avenue with a stranger.

"I looked into the stranger's face and met my fate.

"Do you understand a swift, keen, subtle love like that, Hettie?"

"Yes," was the whispered reply.

"He came on my life as the sun breaks upon the flowers—suddenly, swiftly—and changed it all.

"What you say of me is quite true, Hettie; I had a restless fever on me.

"My life was all longing, nothing satisfied or contented me; but, when I saw him, an exquisite calm came over me, like the full shining of the noonday sun on a broad quiet sea.

"My life grew suddenly complete.

"Ah, Hettie, how good it is to be able to talk to you!

"I had always thought that I should meet my lover in this way—that some day I should come face to face with him and recognize him.

"I did so.

"You will think me strange, I am afraid, Hettie; but, before I had spoken to him, I had said to myself—

"'This is my love, come from land or sea.'

"I stood just where you are sitting, and I had a cluster of scarlet passion-flowers in my hand.

"A great love is like a great wave of the sea; it sweeps over all before it, and carries everything away.

"A wave of love swept over me.

"I believe that, had any one asked me, I could not have told my own name."

Hettie's face grew pale and more wistful.

"Ah, Leah," she said, "such a love could never be a happy one; it could not end happily!"

Leah smiled a gentle, tender smile, which spread from her eyes to her lips.

"In most cases I grant that is the case," she replied; "but in mine—mine——

"Ah, Heaven be thanked mine is a happy love, and will have a happy ending!

"I was going to tell you, Hettie, that we shall be married soon."

Hettie threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed the expressive face.

"Is it true?

"I am so glad—oh, Leah, I am so glad; for, of all things in the world, love is best!

"I am so glad!

"Then I have found you only to lose you again?"

"You will never lose me, nor shall I lose you," said Leah.

"I am sure that you will love him, first for my sake, then for his own; he is so noble, so good.

"Ah, Hettie, I see such a happy life stretching out before me!

"I can scarcely speak of it without tears;" and into the dark eyes came a mist, while the proud curves of the beautiful mouth softened.

"We are like two sisters in a fairy tale," she continued.

"How strange that we should be together again!

"I have told you my little love-story; tell me yours, if you have one."

Over the fair face of the younger girl there fell a shadow.

"Mine is not like yours, Leah," Hettie said.

"It was not a great love that came to me all at once; it crept into my heart little by little, and was there before I knew anything about it; and then, when I found it, I knew that it must die.

"It has no happy ending, my love-story.

"Yours will end in marriage; mine has ended in parting and sorrow."

"Is it so, Hettie?

"I am grieved.

"How was it?

"Will this change in your life make any difference?"

"No; it was all over, dead and buried, before the change came.

"Nothing can make any difference.

"There never was any hope.

"We did not know, either of us; it came upon us unconsciously."

"Hettie," whispered Leah, "will you tell me about it?

"Not unless you like—not if it distresses you.

"But, if I knew, perhaps I could help you."

"I should like to tell you, Leah; but I have always been afraid it would distress you."

"Never mind that, Hettie; tell me about it.

"No one can understand it better than I."

"There is so little to tell," replied Hettie, "that I am almost ashamed to call it a love-story.

"It was more like a dream, only it faded more quickly than other dreams do."

As she spoke, her eyes, with a far-away look, were fixed on the winding river and the dark masses of wood.

"I was so busy all my life, Leah," she said, "that I had no time to think about love.

"I do not believe that during the last two years of my father's life I had one leisure hour.

"Yet wishing me must have been the longing for love and a loving heart.

"Quite by accident I met some one.

"He came to see my father; and I and my father liked him.

"We saw each other not only every day, but sometimes twice in a day.

"My life was so hard, and he was so kind to me, that I looked forward to seeing him as the only gleam of happiness I had.

"When he went away, he left the music of his voice with him.

"Ah, Leah, I was mad!

"All love is madness.

"I grew to love him with my whole heart, and did not know it.

"When I closed my eyes at night, it was to dream of him; when I opened them in the daylight, it was to see his face.

"One day he came to say good-bye to me.

"He was as pale as death, and his voice shook with pain.

"'I must go,' he said to me; but I—oh, Leah, how could I do it?—I clung to his arm.

"We were both standing watching the waves break upon the shore, and I cried to him not to go.

"My father was ill and my life so gloomy; I felt that, if he went away, I must die, I could not live.

"He seemed sadly distressed.

"'I cannot stay with you,' he said; 'it is impossible.'

"I should not like to tell any one but you, Leah.

"I clung to him, still weeping.

"He was all the world to me—all the world.

"'Stay with me—at least until my father is better, and the darkest hour of my trouble is past.'

"Oh, Leah, much as I love you, I am afraid, I am ashamed to tell you the rest!"

Hettie buried her face in her hands and wept aloud; while Leah wondered why her fate should be so much better, brighter, and happier than her sister's.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IT was some comfort to Hettie to have her tears kissed away, to feel loving hands take hers, and loving lips touch her forehead.

"Tell me all about it, dear, and then we will forget it.

"I will try all I can for the remainder of your life and mine to make you happy, and to atone to you for this unhappy love.

"I have so little to tell you," said Hettie, "and I am so much ashamed of it.

"I asked him to stay just a little longer with me; but he said, 'No,' he must go, and I asked him why.

"It all came out then.

"He did love me; he loved me with all his heart.

"Ah me, if you could have seen his face, the sorrow on it which no one could describe!

"He did love me, living and dying, it will comfort me to remember that.

"I shall never know love again; but he loved me; there was love unutterable in his eyes when he looked at me.

"Only think, Leah; I have had but ten minutes' real happiness in my life, and that was when I first found out that he loved me—before I knew what stood between us.

"Leah, the great sea lay before us; the wind brought the brine of the ocean and the fragrance from the meadows.

"I would go through a lifetime of torture for one such hour again.

"He told me why he must go.

"What, of all the reasons in the world, should you think it was?"

"Was it that he was rich and you were poor?" asked Leah.

"No; he cared nothing for that."

"Was it anything about our father, Hettie?"

"No; he liked my father; he respected his peculiar ideas, and—would you believe it, Leah?—came often to discuss matters with him.

"No, it was nothing about my father.

"You would never guess; it is too cruel to guess.

"He loved me; and he told me that because he loved me he must go away and never see my face again.

"Even while he said it all his great love was shining in his eyes.

"And the reason was this—that he was engaged to marry some one whom I am sure he did not love.

"He told me that a certain train of circumstances had led to his engagement, and that he himself, mistaking the friendly, kindly admiration he had for the lady for love, had asked her to be his wife.

"Ah, Leah, how much unhappy love there is in this world!

"He told me that this girl whom he was engaged to marry would die if he left her, and that unknown to himself he had learned to love me with his whole heart; it was for that reason—it was because he loved

me, and could not ask me to be his wife—that we parted, never in this world to meet again."

"What a sad story, Hettie!" cried Leah.

If she had but known, if she had guessed who it was that had thus loved Hettie, she might have died there and then.

"You must not think," said Hettie, "that he was wanting in loyalty and honor; he was engaged, promised, pledged to this other, and he had no thought of loving me.

"Neither of us knew or thought of it until all at once the truth came upon us like a great blinding light; then honor told him he must go."

"I think he was cruel to you, Hettie," said Leah, all unconscious whom she was judging.

"No; he did not intend to be cruel: he did not know.

"He came on us all at once, just as when people think they are wading through a shallow brook and suddenly find themselves in a deep stream.

"He could never have been cruel; he was the most gentle, the most chivalrous——"

"He should have thought more of the danger that you ran; the fact that you were lonely and friendless should have made him all the more cautious for you."

"I do not think that love often reasons," said Hettie. "There was not much harm done."

"Only two live spoiled," put in Leah sadly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

HUSH, Claudia, hush!" said he.

"The human heart knows no such controlling reasoning to direct its sympathies, its feelings.

"My beautiful darling, image of her whose treachery almost broke my heart, and then hardened it against all women's love or charms, till you, in your childish loveliness, came to thaw the ice that bound my every feeling, and teach me that I was still human—still man in all his softness, his weakness, if you will—my Claudia, will you only speak one word?—it is all I need to assume at once the character I have so long delayed to claim—that of your acknowledged lover, your betrothed husband.

"And then I would challenge the whole world to dare to breathe one word, to venture one look, that could impugn my choice or wound the sensitive heart of my precious one.

"Claudia, it is one little word I ask, will you not breathe it?

"It is only the monosyllable 'yes.'"

There was a low whisper in the ear bent down to hers, so low that it was more like a sigh than a word, and then her beautiful form was clasped to his manly bosom, and Sidney Ashley felt for a moment as if eighteen long years had rolled back, as if the dead had risen to life, as if he once more clasped his lost and faithless love to his heart, once more felt her warm breath on his cheek, and pressed his lips on hers.

It was a moment of rapture, of long-forgotten rapture, but, like such fleeting bliss, it passed away almost ere it was well tasted.

There was a slight shudder in the form he clasped to his, a relaxing of the embrace in which it was held, a coldness in the pressure of the lips that still touched his.

Could it be that Claudia even now shrunk from the promise she had given?—that she had spoken but truth when she had said she was not worthy of him, not congenial to him?

It was but a flashing, momentary thought; but still it was there, and it left a trace behind that was never to be obliterated.

The traces of suspicion, of anger, of cold distrust, are rarely if ever removed from the heart, although their causes may be in the dim distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"IT is exceedingly well, nephew," said Mrs. Cowan, "exceedingly wise and prudent, and exhilarating, no doubt, in your pretty eyes and that of the pretty, empty puppet you have raised to the pedestal of a goddess; and I hope the illusion may last, or else vanish before the Church turns it into a prosaic reality."

Mr. Ashley smiled.

He was ever patient with his aunt's irritable outbursts, and, moreover, he had a secret respect for her shrewd sense and impartial discernment, that gave an unpleasant force to her words.

"My dearest aunt, my kind Helena," said he, "you are surely unjust in your judgment of Claudia; and you are quite correct in your high estimate of Barbara Graham's real genius and lofty character; but I love dear Claudia, as the living image of one long lost to me.

"She brings back my youth, she wins me by her very failings; in short, the youth, and weakness, and inexperienced waywardness of her character is, to my maturer judgment and sense, a new charm.

"It is not always that congenial, identical character and tempers, attract each other."

"Sidney," she replied, looking perfectly unconvinced, "if you can in your heart say, and never open my lips more in warning or disapproval.

"Can you say that, nephew, as a man of truth and sense?"

Mr. Ashley's features passed through one of the painful spasms that always convulsed them when allusions were made to the great sorrow of his life.

"Helena," he said, in a low voice, "you are passing even your privilege—you are cruel, I will not say insulting!"

Mrs. Cowan suddenly rose up from the pillow on which she reclined, and leaning forward, pressed her pale lips on her nephew's neck.

"Sidney Ashley," she said, "you are about the only being in the world for whom I have felt real affection for many a long year.

"I know the world too well to look for sympathy or affection, or even friendship, in its hollow professions and cold selfishness.

"And among my nearest relatives, Violet, with her silly, selfish vanity, her doating folly with that pretty doll of an adopted child (her worthy image, by the way), is worse than nothing.

"Now, for you I have a warm affection, with all my cold crust of worldliness, and I would dare even the loss of your regard before I would hesitate to speak the truth. Can you not bear to listen to it for once, from a real friend?"

"Patiently—gratefully, dear Helena," he replied, gently.

"Pardon my ungracious reproach.

"You know my weakness on that one subject, and on that only."

"Better bear the raking in an old wound, than inflict a new stab," said Mrs. Cowan. "Sidney, I ask you, do you believe that, were you to lose the wealth and station you now possess, Claudia would entertain for a moment the thought of being your wife."

"Helena," said Mr. Ashley, smiling gloomily, "you might as well ask whether I should like to see you wear that cameo unpolished, unset.

"The idea is impossible to realize, because, in such an event, I should never have dreamed of asking her to be mine. She loves me as I am, and I can surround her with all that can prolong and deepen the girlish affection and gratitude she feels.

"Were that removed, I could not as yet expect the same feelings to last."

"They would last in Barbara Graham," said Mrs. Cowan, significantly.

"Barbara is a noble, glorious creature," said Sidney; "but she wants softness, abandonment, docile, plastic malleability. She would perhaps suit a younger man better, who needed her strong will, her fine intellect, as a support."

"Blind, blind!" said Mrs. Cowan; "as if man were ever so exempt from sorrows and reverses as to be independent of others! Believe me, nephew mine, the warmest, deepest, most intense love goes with your own sense, your own discernment tells you is true.

"Heaven help you, Sidney, and keep you from trials that may test the fallacy of your own vain fancies about softness and plastic moulds, and such nonsense.

"If you lose your estates, I should suspect you would find the honey turn to vinegar, the softness to thorns."

"Helena," said he, "you are determined to be a very Cassandra this morning.

"I have really no expection of such dramatic sensation scene for my last act in life."

"Nor I; but such things have been; and you are not quite invulnerable to such reverses," she said, significantly.

"After all these years, I have no fear that any mercenary ghost will disturb my peace of mind, or possession of my estates," he replied; "and I certainly have no idea of choosing a wife with reference to so improbable a catastrophe."

"I have done then," said Mrs. Cowan, the fretful tones of an invalid replacing the earnest, healthful vigor with which she had before spoken.

"Take your own way, Sidney; I will trouble myself with you no more."

"But you will be kind to Claudia?" he said.

"Remember, she will shortly be your niece, and you are the only relative of her future husband's, to bid her welcome in his family."

"Let Claudia behave as befits the wife of Sidney Ashley to Sidney Ashley's aunt, and I shall know how to return her respect by kindness, if not affection," was the reply.

Sidney Ashley saw that it was vain to urge further the union between natures so utterly dissimilar, and the subject dropped.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAYS passed on, and Barbara's influence over the fretful, nervous Mrs. Cowan was becoming every hour more strong and as it appeared, more magical to Mr. Ashley, and even to the less observant Claudia.

Barbara's voice and enunciation were singularly sweet and clear, and for hours together she would read patiently to the invalid, while Claudia wandered in the grounds, or sat listlessly in the deep bay-windows, or watched restly and nervously for every sound, every approach to the house or to the room, unnoticed, as she imagined, and certainly uncontrolled.

Then Barbara's voice would soothe and charm the restless, feverish patient, and her force of character would enable her to win the refractory spirit's compliance with necessary though irksome regulations, till even the invalid herself began to confess that a rapid and extraordinary improvement had taken place since Barbara's arrival at Ashley Court.

"One would think that you had been brought up at a hospital, child," she said one day, when Barbara had been silently arranging the cushions of the chairs in the drawing-room, on the invalid's first visit there, "only that your music sounds as if you were a concert singer, and you read like a female orator."

Perhaps the eulogium was meant rather for Claudia's and Mr. Ashley's edification than Barbara's, but nevertheless it was not overstrained.

"I have my own living to earn, dear Mrs. Cowan," replied Barbara, smilingly, "and that teaches me to do the best in all that comes before me.

"Remember, my early training was rather hospital fashion, was it not, Mr. Ashley?"

"Then I think we had better make it a nursery for all our daughters, Signorina Sorella, if you are a fair specimen of its success," he said, returning the unwonted archness of the smile.

"But you can do something better than that to amuse your patient.

"I have a pocket for the general benefit, if you will read it aloud.

"Helena likes your voice; it does not fatigue her."

Barbara unsuspiciously took the book held out to her, and found it was a collection of her own contributions, printed and published "for private circulation."

The color flamed up in her face.

It was so sweet to see the well-remembered productions of her heart and brain clothed in such a graceful dress, and sanctioned by the approval of Sidney Ashley.

She gave him a look of gratitude, and then her eyes fell again on the elegantly got-up pages.

Sidney's eyes were bent on her with an earnest, admiring look, which brought a bitter curl to Claudia's lips, and an angry flash to her eyes.

It was not that she cared for Sidney's love, or feared the rupture of an engagement, the fetters of which hung daily more heavily on her, and fevered her every nerve with impatience for the hoped-for succor and release.

But her insatiate vanity could not bear that the plain, unattractive companion of her childhood should steal from her one look of admiration from her declared lover.

She might relinquish him, escape her chains, leave him to sadness, solitude, and bitterness, but it should not be for another to work his release from her fascinations.

"You must read your own compositions to me, Barbara," said Mr. Ashley.

"No one else can do the meaning equal justice."

"No, no," she said, blessing that warm, quick glow that is so beautiful in its transient bloom, "I cannot; at least, not to you.

"It would seem so puerile, so unworthy your attention.

"Remember, they are only a first effort, and written for bread, not fame."

"And we were to ride this afternoon, and I promised Barbara a lesson on the beautiful bays," said Claudia.

"I must not be disappointed of my share in her education, at least in accomplishments within my poor abilities," she added, with a glance, half-arch, half-pouting, at Mr. Ashley.

"As you will," he said, more carelessly than Claudia approved.

"I suppose the book will keep, and the sunshine will not.

"Where are you going, Claudia?"

"I cannot tell," she replied; "wherever my wandering fancy dictates, Signor Chatelain.

"I want to explore these dark woods and winding lanes, and green hills; and I hate to be fettered by laying plans beforehand.

"Come, Barbara, make haste; you cannot tear yourself from the attractive volume I see."

Barbara laughed, and hastily left the room.

She neither wished to be implicated in one Claudia's frequent struggles for her own wilful way, nor to incur the imputation of lingering over her own productions.

Had she remained a few moments longer, the tenor of her life and that of many another might have been changed.

"I have only to stipulate that you do not go near the wood immediately skirting yonder hill," said Mr. Ashley.

"I particularly wish you to avoid that, Claudia."

"And for what reason?" she asked, quickly.

"That is the very spot I particularly wanted to see."

"Can you trust me?" he said, with a look that might have won confidence and submission from one less proud and wayward and exacting than Claudia.

"I am no child or simpleton, to be governed blindfold," she began, when a glance at Mrs. Cowan's triumphant face as she pronounced the words changed her purpose.

"She continued, with a winning look of feminine gentleness, "of course, I know how superior judgment is to mine in all things, and that should be sufficient for me to obey you."

Mrs. Cowan's look was returned with a meaning smile by her nephew as the girl spoke.

"Thank you, dear Claudia," he said, pressing her hand as she opened the door for her to pass out.

"Believe me, I would not willingly thwart any wish of yours, even in trifles."

"Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan, as he returned for a moment to take leave of her, "do you really believe Claudia will comply with your wish?"

"Of course I do," he replied, coldly.

"Very well, I leave you to your delusion; I only hope you may not discover your error before it is too late," she said angrily. "I tell you she would have defied you if she had dared, or if I had not been present. As it is, she will deceive you."

"Helena," said he, and his face flushed an angry crimson, "I can bear much from you, for the sake of our long friendship, and your present suffering; but I cannot hear my betrothed wife vilified with impunity, and, once for all, I entreat, as the price of our future amity and friendship, that you will abstain from these remarks."

"As you will, Sidney," said Mrs. Cowan, and her lip quivered with mingled anger and sorrow. "I will comply with your conditions; but remember that I warned you, and that you would not listen to my warning."

"I will remember only that you have ever been my truest and most valued friend and relative," he said, stooping down to kiss her pale forehead.

"Forgive my sharp irritation, dear Helena; but the time will, I trust, soon approach, when you will confess I had some reason and truth on my side."

Mrs. Cowan sighed, but she had discovered enough to see that the case was hopeless, and had sufficient discretion to leave all chance of enlightenment to time and fate.

"Heaven grant it may not be too late!" she sighed to herself when he had left her. "Poor Sidney.

"Experience seems to have rather hastened his folly than taught him wisdom.

"His is a noble nature to be thus wasted; but men are fools where beauty is concerned."

After this brief passage-at-arms, Mrs. Cowan endeavored to compose herself by reading some of the volume which Barbara had left, in her confusion, lying on the table near the invalid.

Mrs. Cowan had taste and sense enough to appreciate the genius, the high tone of feeling and thought which the few pages she had strength to read betrayed; and again she laid down the volume with the return to her former train of thought.

"Oh Sidney, Sidney!" she muttered once more, as she closed her eyes in a welcome doze, "blind—blind—blind!"

It was a common error, a common lament, and will be so till the end of time.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was a bright, glorious afternoon, and the woods and fields of Lansmere were in their softest and highest beauty when the girls set forth on their ride.

They were merely attended by a young groom, the son of one of the old servants of the family, who had been especially attached to Claudia in the rides and walks and drives in which she was so incessantly bent on taking, and in which she always preferred solitary wanderings to the companionship of any one who could be a restraint on her movements.

Always anxious to gratify Claudia, and sensitively alive to the gossip which his own constant escort might have occasioned, Mr. Ashley endeavored to combine safety and indulge of her humor by appointing Stephen Langton to be her especial attendant.

He knew the lad to be faithful and steady, and therefore felt confidence in his ward's safety under his care.

By his devoted homage to the beautiful girl's slightest wish, his anxiety for her comfort, her safety, her gratification in every caprice, Stephen well justified Mr. Ashley's confidence.

His time, strength, even thoughts, were all at the disposal of her lightest word, her casual glance.

Was this incessant devotion the result of that reverence for the Ashleys in which he had been trained, or the effect of a deeper and more personal admiration for his lovely charge?

If it were the latter, Stephen as yet betrayed no evidence of such madness, save in the extraordinary and silent reverence with which his eyes and ears and thoughts were bent on his fair mistress, as if watching the indications of a tutelar saint.

And it was this devoted attendant who alone formed the companion and escort of the young girls on the afternoon in question.

"Barbara," observed Claudia, as they walked the thorough-bred ponies along the road leading from the park gates, "I am going to explore new ground, which I have hitherto avoided as too gloomy for a solitary ramble.

"But as you are with me, and not quite up to one of my 'mad expeditions,' as Mrs. Cowan calls them, I mean to go to-day."

"Where is this wonderful Cimmeria?" asked Barbara, gaily, her spirits rising with the fresh air, and sunshine, and exhilarating exercise.

"Oh, in yonder gloomy woods, you *'bosco oscura,'*" said Claudia, and she hummed a parody of Beethoven's beautiful air.

"But I am not sure of the way, and we must even ask our gallant squire.

"Stephen, I want to go to the Black Dell," she said to the lad, who was at her side in a moment.

"Which is our way?"

He hesitated—a rare thing when Claudia asked a question, or expressed a wish.

"Do you not know it?" she asked, impatiently.

"Know it?

"Oh, yes, Miss Claudia," he replied; "only—at least, the way—but the cottages near it are not much frequented, and I fear—at least, I think, perhaps——"

"You need fear nothing, and think noth-

ing," said the girl, half playfully, half peremptorily, "except to show us the way, and let us get there as soon as possible."

Stephen's lips paled again.

The flush rose to his cheek in a great effort.

"Please excuse me, Miss Claudia," he began: "but you perhaps do not know that the people in the cottages there are——"

"I am not going to call on them," interrupted Claudia.

"Be so good as to do as I request, Stephen."

The tone brought a deprecating color to the lad's face, and without further resistance he pointed out the road, and the party set off.

"Claudia, you were so abrupt with that poor boy; I am sure he had some especial reason for not wishing us to go to that place," observed Barbara, as they rode briskly on.

"Perhaps Mr. Ashley does not wish it."

"The very reason why I should wish to go," said Claudia.

"I am not under his control, nor that of any one but myself, unless it suits me; and it is rather too insulting to be schooled and thwarted just when one happens to choose an especial ride.

"I intend to go.

"You can do as you please, if you fear offending Mr. Ashley."

Barbara made no reply; she had begun to understand Claudia's imperious temper; and at her heart there were strange feelings, scarcely understood by herself, which made her shrink under the insinuation of the last sentence.

They rode on in silence for some minutes, until they came to a turn in the road, where a winding lane to the left, so narrow that it only admitted one person, led to the rustic wooden bridge, on the other side of which was the narrow, steep pathway which led through a sort of plantation to the wood.

Barbara rode on first, and Claudia, hanging somewhat behind, beckoned Stephen to approach.

"I do not see those terrible cottages," she said, with one of her bright smiles, that brought the light to the boy's eyes.

"Were they only a creation of your own, Stephen, to prevent my going?"

"Certainly not, Miss Claudia," he replied; "there is the smoke of the low chimneys among the trees.

"There are two or three of them; and I heard the other day that——"

"Who are they?" she interrupted, abruptly cutting short the youth's hesitating speech.

"I hardly know, Miss Claudia; they have not been long here," he replied; "but I know that these cottages belong to a man of no very good character, and the folks in them are little known; and I heard——"

"Don't you know whether they are men, women, or children?" interrupted the girl, eagerly; "old or young?"

"One of them is a middle-aged man, Miss Claudia, for I saw him one day; and I fancy there is a female, but she seems not to go out, and just now——"

Before the sentence could be completed, Claudia jerked her rein to overtake Barbara, and Stephen was fain once more to fall back to his proper distance from the young ladies.

They soon came to the bridge which crossed the little river that divided the plantation from the road.

It was narrow, and merely constructed of wood, and the ponies evinced a decided reluctance to encounter the passage over stream.

"Let us leave them with Stephen," said Claudia, jumping from her pony, and assisting Barbara to do the same before the youth could ride up.

"It will be delicious to wander in the wood for an hour or so in this hot sunshine."

Barbara had too much romance, and too little timidity to hesitate as to the prudence of the attempt, and, throwing the reins of the two ponies to the perplexed and astonished groom, the young girls lightly bounded over the low stile and along the path, thickly skirted by the plantation, which soon hid them from view.

"If they should go in!" said the lad, as he stood gazing after them in pale and horror-stricken despair; "but surely they'll never do that; and perhaps there'll be no danger.

"And what could I do?

"I dare not disobey master's orders to say nothing about it, though I'd have cut off my little finger rather than exposed her to any danger."

While the lad thus mused on the wilful proceeding of his young mistress, the girls reached the spot where the white and picturesque cottages were visible through the green firs and bushes that rose almost as high as the first floor of the low tenement.

"What romantic-looking places!" observed Barbara. "Just the very ideal of rustic life; so secluded and yet sheltered; and the little cluster prevents any idea of too great loneliness."

"We must make some excuse for a raid into one of them," observed Claudia. "Before we go back, I am determined to penetrate the mystery of Stephen's perverse objection to this peculiarly harmless spot."

"Claudia," said Barbara, "you are mad."

"No, only determined," she replied; "but let us go on. I can postpone my plans until we return, and mature them during our exploration."

"You can do as you like, but I shall be guilty of no such impertinence," said Barbara, quietly. "Nor can I imagine you are in earnest, Claudia."

Claudia made no reply, but led the way into the recesses of the wood, which, though long and thick, was not intersected by so many winding paths as is often the case with even less extensive thickets.

They therefore went fearlessly on, scarcely noticing the distance they traversed, till a gleam of daylight crossing the path beyond them, bespoke its division into some break in the large thick forest trees that shaded it so completely from the sunbeams.

Claudia had inwardly determined to turn back when she arrived at the point, always provided her companion did not attempt to control her movements.

It was a strange perversity in the wayward girl's mind in such an apparent trifle; but her nature was fast hardening, or rather perverting, under the constant struggle between pride and love; between a real and generous love for one who now appeared to have abandoned her to her fate, and an ambitious, yet half-timid desire to become mistress, not only of Ashley Court, but of its stern, dignified owner, and the superior of his too discerning and ungracious aunt.

One word from Leonardo might have turned the scale; but he was silent, apparently unmindful of the promise he had made, the vow he had received; and the impulsive, haughty girl wavered between fears for his life, resentment for his neglect, and desire to punish him—to be revenged on all and every one of those who thus seemed to conspire to drive her to desperation.

And, within the last few days, another and more truly feminine motive had sprung up to urge her on in the course she had at last taken, wretched and doubtful of its result as she felt.

And perhaps this was the real key to the wayward and headstrong temper of the girl in the veriest trifle that thwarted her fancies.

On she walked, silent and abstracted, as the casual sight of a beautiful fern recalled the memorable day when she had last seen her still idolized, absent lover, and scarcely heeding the fact that Barbara, who had stooped to gather some rare wild flowers on the border, was now several yards behind her.

Suddenly a glittering object attracted her attention.

She stooped down to examine better its nature as it shone amidst the dark smooth leaves.

She gave a loud, piercing scream as she saw the bright eyes and glittering coat of a snake, half concealed among some thick bushes, and for a moment could scarcely summon presence of mind to fly from the spot, so paralyzed and stunned was she by the sudden terror that had seized her; then, as the reptile moved, she rushed wildly back, calling on Barbara to follow her as she flew past her.

Barbara looked for a moment in the direction in which the danger appeared, and then with an equal horror, but more collected courage than her companion, proceeded to follow Claudia at her utmost speed.

Still the creature's horrid eyes were seen glittering in the darkness, and Barbara could discern a swift movement in the slimy form that betokened pursuit.

"Claudia, quick! quick!" she gasped, rather than screamed, as she sprang forward with a rapid bound, that brought her within a few paces of the terrified Claudia.

As Barbara spoke, Claudia gave a terrified cry, and, stumbled over some dark object that lay in her path, with a sudden violence that threw her prostrate on the ground.

Barbara glanced hurriedly around, and saw the long neck of the creature erect, as it hurried after them with a stealthy but rapid velocity.

She could easily save herself; but Claudia!

Could she leave her to the fate which yet her wilfulness had provoked?

The thought scarcely even crossed the noble girl's mind.

She snatched up a large stone, and hurled it with violence, and a steady, unerring aim, against the venomous creature, and then, kneeling down, tried to raise the prostrate form of her companion from the ground.

"Claudia, dearest Claudia!" she cried, "rouse yourself—there is yet time.

"Quick, quick! take my arm: I am strong; only try—in mercy, try!"

No answer, no movement came.

Her hands and face were cold, as Barbara tried to raise her from her motionless posture, and draw her from the immediate path of the wretched reptile.

Claudia had fainted.

Barbara's stout heart failed her for a moment.

The crisis was fearful, the escape appeared so impossible.

Were they to fall victims to so horrid a death?

She tried once more her former expedient, and cast another missile at the reptile, and called again and again for help.

It was not the scream of a helpless, uncontrolled woman; but the call for help of one who will leave nothing untried to accomplish deliverance from a bravely-borne peril.

And still she tried to shelter Claudia's insensible form, and chafed her hands and cried earnestly, lovingly on her to try and rouse herself from the stupor that had seized her.

But it was in vain: the girl was either totally insensible or so paralyzed with terror that she was unable to speak or move, and there was no hope, no chance, but in the aid of Him to whom Barbara silently cried in this apparently hopeless extremity.

On came the reptile, with a steady, rapid pace, as if enraged by the obstacles twice put in his path.

Another second or two, and he would have been within touch of the girls.

Barbara felt already as if its slimy form was winding round her, its venomous tongue on her face!

She shuddered, and closed her eyes to shut out the horrid reality, while clasping Claudia more firmly under the shelter of her own figure, as she bent forward to hide and protect the fainting girl, now happily unconscious to the danger.

That fearful suspense seemed an age to Barbara, though it perhaps lasted scarcely a minute.

There was a faint rustling in the leaves; the next moment she expected to feel the cold slimy skin, when a loud report of a pistol was heard, and she opened her eyes just as the venomous reptile stretched itself on the ground in the last agonies of death.

"Ha, you reptile, we'll 'mak siccar,' as the Scotchman said," exclaimed a voice that seemed unpleasantly familiar to Barbara's ears.

The next moment a man hastily emerged from the thicket, whom Barbara recognized even under the disguise of a very different dress and changed aspect, as her persecutor in Piccadilly so many months before.

"Yes, I just came in time," he said, after aiming a tremendous blow at the head of the snake with the butt end of his pistol. "He was a very ardent admirer of yours, young lady—or ladies, I see I should say," he continued, his eyes falling on Claudia.

The girl's animation had been partially restored by the loud report of the fire-arms, and she half opened her eyes, and clung frantically to Barbara, with the vague instinct of danger.

Barbara roused herself to meet that boldly familiar tone.

"You have done us a great service," she said, with a quiet dignity that would have checked any less unscrupulous spirit.

"I thank you most gratefully, and so will this young lady when she has recovered her fright.

"Will you be so kind as to fetch me some water from the stream, and tell our servant what has happened?

"It will complete our obligation."

Barbara spoke with an unconscious air of superiority, that seemed to amuse rather than offend her deliverer.

"Oh, don't disturb yourself about your servant," said he.

"He'll do very well, I dare say, till you return; and I rather suspect that pale beauty there has not got such a bold spirit as you, and won't come round again in such a hurry as you think.

"There—try a drop of this; it's better than water."

He held out a small flask, which Barbara at once smelt to be brandy; but as it was no time for wavering, she did not scruple to pour a few drops on Claudia's lips, which had at least the effect of restoring her to some more collected idea of what had occurred, and where she was.

She opened her eyes more fully, stared round first at the strange figure before her, and then with a startled, appealing look at Barbara.

"Is it you?" she murmured.

"Are we safe?"

"Yes, quite safe," replied Barbara; "the snake is dead.

"And now you have only to get well enough, and we will go back at once.

"Do you think you can walk now with my help?"

"Oh yes; let us get away from this horrid place," said Claudia, trembling again. "I am well, only my foot hurts me, and my arm a little."

"It is your fall—you are bruised," said Barbara.

"But if we can but get home, you will soon be well.

"Dear girl, only make one effort: it will soon be over."

The man had stood contemplating them with his peculiar half-sneering smile, and did not attempt to interfere with Barbara's endeavor to assist her companion to raise.

He watched the languid attempt of the pale, trembling Claudia raise herself by Barbara's support, saw the spasm of pain that brought a sharp cry to her pale lips, and just caught her sinking form in his arms, as it gradually slipped from Barbara's less firm and vigorous hold.

"My foot, my foot!" she murmured; and again went off in the state of insensibility from which she had just roused.

Barbara looked despairingly on Claudia's pale face and closed eyes.

"What is to be done?" she exclaimed, rather to herself than to her companion.

"You will have to take my advice and assistance, after all," said the stranger, laughing.

"So you had better make up your mind at once, lest I change mine, or the pretty simpleton there gets you deeper into trouble.

"I fancy she won't get any good by lying on that damp ground."

There was too much truth in this to be resisted, though the sarcastic triumph of the tone brought the proud blood to Barbara's cheek.

"What do you advise?" she asked, coldly. "You cannot be surprised that I am reluctant to trouble a stranger."

"One that is not a stranger, you mean," said the man; "but don't be afraid, my proud damsel; I've other game to play just now, and I know more about you than I did when I saw you wandering about Regent Street."

"What do you know about me? Who are you?" cried Barbara, eagerly, yet with a look of distrust that did not escape the stranger's quick eye.

"More than you know about yourself," he replied; "and as to my name why I can't see that it matters to you just now whether Smith or Tomkins carries your friend to some place where she can be attended to. You can call me Harper, if you like; I'll answer."

Without waiting for further consent, he took Claudia in his arms, and carried her along the path with as much ease as if she had been an infant. Barbara walked rapidly by his side, holding one of Claudia's hands in hers, and anxiously gazing in the distance, in a faint hope, that Stephen might have been alarmed by their long absence, and come to see them.

The man was perfectly silent as they walked through the wood, till they came to the entrance; then he paused a moment, and said quickly, "I am going to take you into yonder house; she will be attended to there, and then we will think how to get you home again if you wish."

Barbara was somewhat reassured by his words, though the idea of entering a strange house under such an escort was rather alarming to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

TO COUNTERACT COLDS.—A little extract of ginger mixed with hot water and sugar will counteract the bad effects of a wetting.

BRAIN WORK.—A French physiologist has attempted to answer by experiments made upon himself the question: What are the effects of intellectual work upon the cerebral circulation? When he applied himself to a subject which he had a difficulty in understanding thoroughly, and had therefore to concentrate all his energies upon it, the rhythm of the heart was far more accelerated than when he took up some matter with which he was well acquainted.

ROTARY FILES.—A Connecticut mechanic has made a trial of rotary files for finishing planed surfaces. He is of the opinion that quicker and truer work can be done with these than with hand files, and that the surface is in better shape for truing with the scraper. His experiments have been confined to the planer; but he believes that his device may be properly and economically adapted to the lathe and milling machine.

GREASY BOOK LEAVES.—Fold up two small bags made of fine open muslin, some ashes of burnt bones, finely powdered, or of calcined hartshorn, which is always prepared at the druggists. Lay the bags of muslin containing the powder one on each side of the greasy leaf, and having heated a pair of fire tongues, or hair-dresser's pinching tongs, of a moderate warmth, press with them the two bags against the greasy spot, and hold them sometime in that situation.

A CURE FOR CORNS.—Carbolic acid, one part; distilled water, glycerine and soap liniment each ten parts. Apply by means of a piece of cloth or lint, and cover it well with sheet rubber, so that no evaporation may take place. The corn may soon be detached, often on the following morning. Inflamed and swelled bunions may be treated in the same manner, but, in place of the above mixture, another should be applied, composed of dilute solution of subacetate of lead, to which may be added, if desirable, some preparation of opium.

Farm and Garden.

RESTIVE HORSES.—If it is intended to cure a restive horse he must be used solely by one and the same person and caught young, and let his rider or driver bear in mind that with both restive and nervous horses the voice will prove more effectual than the whip. Stick to your nag, if possible, under all circumstances, for, rely upon it, if he can once get away from you he will redouble his efforts to do so again. Unfortunately, there is always a risk in buying a once wilful steed, for in fresh hands he may revert to his tricks.

THE ROADSIDE.—At this season it is common to find by the wayside the largest weeds in the neighborhood. They have had all their own way and this has been to ripen a large crop of seeds. Such neglect of the roadside is a great mistake, as it not not only gives a neglected appearance to the street, but is a means of propagating weeds that do much damage to the crops in the adjoining fields. It does not matter how clean the cultivated crop may be kept, if weeds are left to grow just over the fence. It is too late now to do more than collect and burn these, but in doing this, the seeds should all be killed, to make the work of subduing these pests less burdensome in the future, besides adding to the attractiveness of the street.

HANGING BASKETS.—In the winter season more than at any other, the hanging basket is most useful. Oftentimes they do not do their best from insufficient watering. Plants in bidcombes, baskets, vases, window-boxes, or pots, having but a limited area from which to derive moisture and food, require particular attention in watering and stimulating. Take great care not to let them become dry, as it will injure them almost as badly as a severe frost, and when you water them do it thoroughly, so that all the earth will be moistened. A little dash of water on the surface is almost useless. In small baskets and vases, it is an excellent plan to put a large handful of charcoal, and then lay upon them a large sponge, well wetted, or a handful of sphagnum or damp moss. This will keep wet all summer, if water is given daily, and the charcoal will prevent the soil from becoming sodden and sour. Baskets are greatly benefited by a soaking in a pail of water once a week.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

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A PLEA FOR "OLD MAIDS."

From time immemorial it has been the fashion to jeer at women who have attained a certain age without reaching the goal of matrimony. By men old or young, by women married or single, the "old maid" is regarded as a convenient butt for all their petty jibes and sneers. Assuming that she is unmarried because she has never had the chance of becoming a wife, they look upon her as a soured, disappointed woman, and credit her with being ill-natured, envious of her more favored sisters, and an eager retailer of scandal.

But to vilify the whole class on account of the sins of a few of its number, is both uncharitable and unjust. The picture has its reverse side. Which of us cannot recall among our acquaintances sweet-natured, lovable women, whose days appear to be spent in filling up the joys of other lives—for, thank Heaven! there are many such—who, it would almost seem, remained single in order to shed blessings around them, and to be general comforters? Such a woman has that true mother-heart which natural mothers often lack. Her love, instead of being confined to a limited number of individuals, is all-embracing; her sympathies are boundless, inexhaustible, ever ready.

To such a woman the overburdened house-mother is sure of ready, cheerful help. To her the blushing girl whispers of the sweet joy that has dawned upon her life. To her the children look up as to a sort of fairy god-mother, the never-failing source of ever-pleasant surprises. She is the right hand of a clergyman and his wife, the tender helper of the poor around her; and, finally, when her pure, unselfish life is ended, she is mourned more sincerely than most of us are.

In her life you will never hear such a woman disparage the marriage state. She looks upon happy wedded life as the highest, holiest sphere for woman, and probably it was not without a pang that she herself learned in time to realize that in not getting married she missed woman's purest earthly bliss.

Nevertheless, her disappointment does not sour her nature. She accepts her position, and makes the most of the joys that fall to her lot. Extracting sweetness from the commonest flowers that grow by the wayside of life, she has found peaceful contentment and serene happiness in aiding and caring for others. She has no cravings after a career whereby her name might be passed round from lip to lip.

True, lives such as this sometimes spring from the graves of earthly hopes. Many an old maid is at heart a widow—faithful to the buried love of her youth. Not a few resign their own chances of happiness for the sake of others. Surely she who is constant to the dead love, or who has set aside her own bright hopes for the sake of her parent, brother, or sister, or she who has preferred a lonely life to that unholy thing, a loveless union, is worthy of all honor! What can be more cruel, then, than that such a one should be spared with jests, and made a byword by those incapable of like devotion?

The habit of making "old maid" a term of reproach has frequently mischievous tendencies. How often it is, for example, that a woman is hurried into matrimony by the dread of being so stigmatized.

In many quarters, the idea of marrying for love only has long been exploded. Too often, alas! the chief object in view is the possession of a good establishment—the dignity of a married woman's position. The sacredness of the marriage tie, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are but lightly considered. Can we wonder, then, that unhappiness follows, when this most important step in life is so carelessly ventured on.

What is the remedy for the evil? We would advise mothers to teach their girls that although a well-assorted union, grounded upon mutual love, is the happiest position for woman, yet that marriage also brings with it its own peculiar trials, as well as joys; and that it is possible for one who has not attained this crowning bliss of womanhood to lead a life both useful and enjoyable in working and striving for the good of others. When the world contains a greater number of women of this latter class, the title "old maid" will become a crown of honor to the wearer, instead of the term of reproach it now is.

SANCTUM CHAT.

DOM PEDRO, Emperor of Brazil, cares nothing for splendor. He rides in an ordinary black coach, usually drawn by six mules, and followed by twelve cavalrymen, mostly negroes, whose discipline is not too strict to permit them to smoke cigarettes while escorting his Majesty. The coachman and footmen are shabby in worn suits and silver lace. The Emperor wears the plainest of black clothes, and is very courteous to all who approach him. He has aged rapidly since his visit to the United States six years ago.

—

WHAT we call money, a famous English authority designates as cash, funds, bullion, coin, dust, shiners, tin, blunt, rhino, specie, the needful, etc. Washington Irving canonized it as "the almighty dollar." Here in slangy America it is further nominated in the bond as capital, pewter, ducats, greenbacks, stamps, boodle, rags, shekels, brads, hard-stuff, stakes, divvy, scrip, lucre, dingbats, pocket-lining, coupons, padding, soap, root-of-evil, cent-per-cent, retainer, barveneer, sugar, tough-to-get, easy-to-go, sinews-of-war, letter-of-introduction, character-test, best-friend, and such titles to an almost infinite extent.

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THE Postoffice Department has just issued a new and peremptory order in regard to box rents, in which the public is interested. Box rents must be paid for one quarter in advance, and postmasters are prohibited from placing mail matter in boxes and drawers unless such payments are made as directed. A new set of form books has been furnished, by which it is proposed to hold postmasters to a more strict observance of this rule than has been done in the past. Furthermore, the department inspectors are directed to visit the postoffices, and taking charge of these form-books, satisfy themselves that the rule is strictly enforced. Any postmaster who permits the use of boxes and drawers until he has actually received payment for the rent of same, will be reported to the department immediately.

—

A CORRESPONDENT lately writing from a French watering place, says: "The Americans here dress tremendously. Most of the girls are very stylish, and can carry off any amount of decoration. As a rule, they have very slight figures, with prettily-shaped shoulders, contrasting with the majority of the French women, whose shoulders are square, and who are all verging towards plumpness, if they have not already arrived there. Here is a pretty dress worn by an American: Bodice of sulphur-colored surah, with chocolate velvet cuffs, collar and basques, worn over a cretonne with cream-colored ground, strewed with roses and brown leaves. A girl here wears white only. One of her gowns is of white silk, pleated from waist to foot, the bodice and overdress being of white lace—not flounces, but lace in the piece. Some of the toilets are even aggressively simple."

—

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn from books; and, even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, with such instruction they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious but excellent mental training is lively, social argument! Cultivate the art of conversation at home.

—

CAST-IRON pipes are now being made to receive the underground telegraph cable which, in a few months, will put Paris in direct communication with Marseilles. A hundred and fifty navvies are engaged in this work, which is being prosecuted from both ends along the right bank of the Rhone, and following the main roads. The pipes are laid at a depth of about two yards, and chambers for facilitating repairs are arranged about every six hundred yards; they are described as resembling large cast-iron cauldrons with covers, and having apertures for receiving the ends of the two pipes which they connect. Every one hundred and twenty yards the pipes are united by cast-iron couplings, which will also permit of inspecting and repairing the cable; and the joint between each pipe is made with an India rubber washer or lead collar. This work is pushed forward with vigor, and it is proposed eventually to connect this cable, which will traverse France from north to south, with the cables of the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

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"WOE to them that are at ease!" says Carlyle, but his anathema does not prevent the English village teacher from outliving every other class of his countrymen, not excepting the British farmer, whose peace of mind cannot always be reconciled with high rents and the low price of American wheat. Where agriculture is what it should be—a contract between man and Nature, in the United States, in Australia, and in some parts of Switzerland—the plow furrow is the straightest road to longevity; in Canada, where Nature is rather a hard task-master, the probabilities are in favor of such half indoor trades as carpentering, and certain branches of horticulture—summer farming, as the Germans call it. Cold is an antiseptic, and the best febrifuge, but by no means a panacea, and the warmest climate on earth is out-and-out preferable even to the border lands of the polar zone. The average Arab outlives the average Esquimaux by twenty-five years.

—

How long can one live without sleep? This question we have never seen answered; but an authentic communication has been made to a British society, whose field of operation is in Asia, descriptive of a mode of punishment which is peculiar to the original code of China. It appears from this communication that a Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of the privilege of going to sleep. This singular and extremely painful mode of quitting earthly existence was carried into execution at Amey, under the following circumstances: The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from sleeping for a moment, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the end of the eighteenth day his sufferings were simply terrible, and he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangulated, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, quartered, shot, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give us some idea of the horrors of dying because we cannot go to sleep.

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THE practical and poetic are at war over the cataract of Niagara. The practical sees unnumbered million foot-pounds of water power going over the precipice, and sighs to think that the force of gravitation should be permitted to run to waste so lavishly. The practical would build mills and factories below the falls, would lead the water in a canal to turn the wheels and whirl the spindles; it has even dreamed of putting a big wheel under the American Fall itself and making it turn a dynamo-machine, from which motive electricity shall be sent over the land to run factories thousands of miles away. The practical sees at Niagara nothing but a splendid water-power, somewhat disadvantageously located at the head of an impracticable ravine, but with favorable building sites close by. The poetic sees a majestic cataract, with a voice of thunder and a veil of mist, a romantic gorge, gloomy recesses, torrent precipices, and all the charms of rock and water in their grandest combination. The practical would turn Niagara into dollars and cents, at whatever sacrifice of beauty and romance. The poetic would leave nature to herself and the hackmen, and would not destroy, though it might adorn, the natural advantages. And while the two sentiments are contending, the cataract goes right on just the same without waiting for the result of the discussion, and the outside world behaves in much the same way.

EBBING AND FLOWING.

BY M. E. W.

The tide went out—
Shining pebbles and shells that lay
On the shore, at the back of the white-armed spray,
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a hundred ships asleep on the strand
Sprang up, and away from the hateful land
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a life as sweet as a life might be,
Drifting away to the unknown sea,
Went out with the tide.

The tide came in—
The pebble and shells, with the waves' disdain
Flung from their arms to the shore again,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
The weary ships from their voyaging,
Laden with many a precious thing,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
But the life, as sweet as life might be,
Came not back from the unknown sea—
Came not in with the tide.

Out at Sea.

BY C. J. R.

CHAPTER I.

"DO you call her pretty?

"There is something very taking in her face, but as far as beauty is concerned, she cannot be compared to a quarter of the girls here to-night."

"You have never spoken to her?

"No?

"Well, then, go and be introduced; and if you don't change your opinion in half an hour, I sha'n't give you credit for very much good taste."

The first speaker laughed, and then lazily made his way round the crowded ball-room to the farther end, where the woman they had been speaking of was just rising to join in the waltz that was being played.

The other man turned to a pretty looking girl seated by her mother, to claim her for the dance.

"I quite agree with Mr. Lorton," said the mother, a highly respectable-looking matron; "Mrs. Durward to me is the most ordinary-looking person, and, what is more, I cannot understand Mr. Osborne taking her up.

"No one knows anything about her, whether she be widow or wife, or really married at all.

"She makes one doubtful when there is such a mystery about her husband.

"I daresay I am uncharitable; but really, when one has daughters, one can't be too careful.

"I will not allow Rosa to make her acquaintance."

Rosa did not look very much impressed by her mother's prudence, and was evidently longing to join in the waltz.

She gave a little pinch to the arm of her partner, which he understood.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Smith," he said, placing his arm round the girl's waist preparatory to gliding into the whirling crowd.

"Though I really think it must be only malice that could speak against Mrs. Durward; but, as you say, one knows very little of her past life."

He had unconsciously raised his voice a little, as he had already carried his partner a few steps off, and his words were heard by one or two couples as they passed him.

In a short time Mrs. Durward was looked at curiously by a good many as she floated round the room, one of the most graceful dancers of the evening; and those ladies who knew nothing of the circumstances of the case, and who had been disposed to treat her with cordiality at the commencement of the evening as the intimate friend of their hostess, rather altered their tactics.

One or two followed Mrs. Smith's example, and whispered to their daughters that until they knew more of Mr. Durward it would be just as well to keep her at a distance.

As the last speaker and his partner lost themselves in the crowd, a man of about thirty-five stepped out from the shadow of a curtain just behind the seat occupied by Mrs. Smith.

He stood for a moment scanning the people as they passed, with a curious expression on his handsome fair face.

Doubt, anger, disgust, and mingling with them all a strange kind of attraction which was half repulsion, were depicted on it as he stood watching.

Suddenly he seemed to make a discovery.

As he left the corner in which he had been sheltering himself, his eyes fell on the respectable back of Mrs. Smith, and the expression of his face turned to one of such decided wrath and contempt that it would have astonished the good lady had she seen it.

"Cackling old idiot!" he thought, with impatient disgust.

"Heaven preserve us from such women as that!

"And I would just like to have the punching of that fellow's head, presuming to——"

The waltz was just ended, and as the last strains died away, with a sudden resolve that he could never account for afterwards, he started to cross the room.

Everybody was leaving it for the cool landings or the refreshments down stairs.

A lady, who had just dismissed her partner, was sauntering alone into a conservatory that opened on to the ball-room.

Her white dress gleamed softly against the banks of dark-green ferns; but before he reached the conservatory, the man who was seeking her stopped irresolutely.

He stood for a moment, tugging his moustache with angry discontent.

"I suppose I had better, though it does seem very ridiculous; but after the chatter of those fools, one must be careful."

He turned his steps in the direction of the hostess, who was standing talking to some of her guest.

"You wish to be introduced?" she said, laying her hand on his arm.

"You will like her, I think.

"She is a great favorite of mine."

They found her standing by the fountain that was playing in the conservatory, idly watching its waters as they flashed and sparkled among the cool green plants.

The man looked at her curiously as he approached with their hostess; but she seemed too absorbed in her dreams to hear their steps.

"Now this is too bad!" said Mrs. Osborne, with a little laugh.

"Here you are alone again.

"You are the most unsociable woman I know."

Mrs. Durward started, and turned to them, her fan falling to the ground with a little crash.

"I have been dancing all the evening," she said, bowing slightly as she took back the fan that Mrs. Osborne's companion picked up for her.

"I was so hot, and tired that I came in here for rest."

Mrs. Osborne shook her head.

"Well, I am not going to allow you to dream alone over that absurd little fountain.

"I have brought you a companion.

"Mr. Durward—Mrs. Durward.

"You ought to be connected, the name is uncommon;" and with a little nod and a smile, Mrs. Osborne returned to the other room.

There was an awkward pause—awkward, at least, on the side of the man; for Mrs. Durward looked perfectly quiet and self possessed as she sank carelessly into a seat.

There was another chair by it, and for a second or two Bertram Durward looked at it hesitatingly; then he, too, sat down.

The conservatory was quite deserted, nearly all the guests having gone down to supper, and the rest were making the most of the comparatively empty ball-room.

Bertram Durward had wished to have the place free of curious observers, and yet now the solitude rather oppressed him.

For almost the first time in his life he felt nervous, and it irritated him beyond endurance to see the cool indifference of the woman at his side, as she leant back in her chair lazily fluttering her fan to the tune of the lovely waltz, whose strains floated to them from the neighboring room.

She seemed to have no intention of beginning the conversation, and for the life of him he could think of nothing to say.

"Do you care for dancing?

A sweet voice broke the awkward silence that had reigned for the last three minutes, and for one second a pair of soft, dreamy, gray eyes were lifted to his, only to drop again languidly.

Bertram Durward flushed an angry crimson.

"Do I like dancing!"

The tone of his voice was one of indignation and wonder.

The girl—for in her delicate fairness she looked nothing more—raised hers slightly and looked into his impatient wrathful face.

The only thing that belied the perfect indifference of the grave quiet gaze was the faintest shade of pink that tinged her cheeks.

The look meant recognition, but at the same time repudiation.

Bertram Durward sprang to his feet.

"I see what you mean: we are to be perfect strangers, though I know you recognized me, as I did you, when we met so unexpectedly an hour ago.

"But does it not strike you that this cannot go on for ever?

"A man cannot be tied his whole life to a wife whom he never sees from year's end to year's end!"

"You have managed very well for nine years," she said, rising to her feet; and the the scorn of the quiet voice, and the flush of the eyes that had looked so dreamy a moment before, made Bertram Durward feel ashamed for his unreasonable outbreak.

"Yes; but an anomaly like that cannot last.

"I am neither free nor married."

"How selfish you men are!"

The words seemed to break from her in irresistible wonder.

It may seem impossible, but up till this moment, though Bertram Durward was not selfish, as men of the world go, though he was far nobler and better than half his companions and friends, yet he had never once thought of this strange marriage as pressing heavily on any one but himself.

To be bound to a woman for whom he cared no more than for the merest stranger he passed in the street, to live as free in the world that made so much of him perhaps because he was free, and yet to be bound as completely as any other Benedict of his acquaintance, and, to add to these discomforts, to hear his wife spoken against as he had heard it this evening,—all this was simple torture to his pride.

Though he had not seen her once since the morning they were married nine years ago, she was still his wife, and her fame was his.

He must try and put up with the discomfort of a wife who was not of his own choosing.

The other position was growing intolerable.

Now, for the first time he discovered that she too had suffered, perhaps more than he, and also that the termination of the comedy would not be so easily brought about as he had fancied.

Those slanderous lying tongues! for that they were lies he knew well enough.

Though he had never once met his wife until that night, he knew that her life had been as pure as an angel's.

In that one exclamation of hers, his own selfishness burst upon him like a revelation.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, confused, ashamed.

"I had forgotten that it must have been disagreeable to you too."

"It does not matter," was the indifferent answer, as she played carelessly with the front of a tall fern.

"I have managed very well—as well as you."

"But suppose I have not managed?" he said.

"Suppose I am tired of holding this nondescript position!

"All our trying to imagine that we are not married will not alter the fact that we are husband and wife, and as my wife I might wish to have you back, and so end this farce between us."

"You would not!

"You dare not do anything so ungenerous, so wicked!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

"You promised on your honor!"

Then, with a gesture of disdain, she turned away with such unutterable scorn and anger in her face that Bertram Durward felt that he would have had much pleasure in knocking himself down for his foolish hasty speech.

"Am I, then, so very distasteful to you?" he asked.

"It is not a very pleasant state of affairs."

"No, it is not," she answered, turning to him again, all her angry excitement vanished.

"It has been unfortunate from the beginning, we are both quite decided about that.

"The only mistake you have made is that you fancied yourself the only sufferer."

He made an attempt to speak, but with a slight gesture she silenced him.

"I do not complain.

"I took my fate in my hands and made the best of it; you seem to have done otherwise, if it be true what you tell me."

A faint smile, more than half scornful, curled her lips.

"But we have managed to live perfectly amicably apart for nine years: it is a pity we should quarrel the first time we meet, especially as it will be the last."

"You regret our meeting?" he asked a little bitterly.

She bowed her head.

"You must see for yourself that the results are painful."

He was silenced again by her coolness.

This was not the shy uninteresting wife he was going to condescend to place in his home.

She was silent too, and he had the humiliation of feeling that he had come off considerably worsted; and what was more, that she was anxious for him to leave her.

Mortified, angry, and yet withal curiously attracted by the quiet, self-possessed woman who stood in such strange relationship to himself, he could not make up his mind to go away at once.

"Will you give me a dance?" he asked, suddenly, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"We are only strangers."

She glanced up into his face, her own slightly astonished: then, without a shade of embarrassment, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Certainly, if you wish it."

Though she had granted his request, he could not help the slight thrill of disappointment that ran through him at her perfect unconcern.

He scarcely felt the light figure in his arms, whose feet fell in such perfect unison with his own.

However unsuited they might be in other things, at least this odd waltz was perfectly successful; and it was with a very unreasonable feeling of regret—considering how bitterly he had been in the habit of thinking of his marriage—that he relinquished his wife at the last.

He had a dim feeling that this was the end of the interview that had taken place so strangely in this London drawing-room, and the prospect of the coming years, frittered away in amusements or aimless wanderings round the world began to look rather gloomy.

He glanced down at her face.

Her breath was coming quickly through her parted lips, while the rosy flush on her cheeks and the sparkle of her eyes made her look very different from the pale listless woman who had treated him so disdainfully a few moments ago.

Unconsciously to himself he drew her a little closer, wondering how on earth he could have been such a fool to call her plain and dull that afternoon nine years before, when he had met her for the first time at his eccentric old guardian's.

"Can you tell me which is Mrs. Durward?" asked a woman's voice, in rather unguarded tones, as they rested for a moment near one of the open doors.

"I have heard such a number of extraordinary things about her to-night, that I wonder Mrs. Osborne cares to have such a person."

"That is just what I was saying;" and Bertram recognized the tones as Mrs. Smith's.

"They say she is separated from her husband.

"Of course she may be all right, but ——"

If the speaker had been a man he would have paid dearly for his speech.

Bertram Durward's face turned white with anger.

There was no need for him to look to see if the girl had heard it.

He felt the sudden quiver of the white arm on his, as if the cruel words had pierced to the heart.

Then the proud young figure straightened itself, and the quivering lips grew still and determined, as if bidding defiance to all the evil gossip of the heartless world.

"You must let me protect you.

"It is not good for you to live as you do," he said.

With a sudden movement she drew herself away, and faced him with the same look he had seen in the conservatory.

"Innocence needs no protector, Mr. Durward," she said haughtily, and yet with a quiet dignity that made his offer of protection seem impertinence.

He had not courage to ask her for another dance, which he felt sure she would refuse him; and so for the space of the next half hour he planted himself again near the friendly curtain, and looked on with disgusted wonder at the gay crowd that seemed to be enjoying itself so completely in the frivolities of the hour, and tried hard to persuade himself that he was not waiting to catch another glance from those gray eyes that never deigned once to look in his direction.

He left soon after, and walked home, hoping that a little exercise might drive off the unaccountable feeling of depression that troubled him; but all through his walk he was haunted by a pale face and two serious gray eyes, that floated before him through the lamp-lighted streets, and, to add to his trouble, he could give no name to this provoking shadow.

He ransacked his brain in vain, but was at last obliged to come to the mortifying conclusion that, up to this night, his wife had borne so little part in his thoughts or his life, that he could not even remember her name.

To call her Mrs. Durward would have been too ridiculous!

CHAPTER II.

"MY dear Cecil, this cannot go on any longer.

"Mr. Durward is getting worn into a very angry shadow; and as for you——"

Mrs. Osborne and Cecil Durward were sitting alone in the former's morning-room, about a month after her dance.

Events had been taking rather an eccentric course since that night.

Cecil Durward had been thrown constantly into her husband's society.

They had met at balls and dinner-parties at Hurlingham and at Lord's, and the result of this forced companionship seemed only to place a wider gulf between them; for in proportion as Bertram Durward desired to obtain possession of his formerly despised wife, so Cecil Durward waxed colder and more inaccessible.

Cecil Durward rose from her seat a little impatiently; but her face justified Mrs. Osborne's insinuation.

It was fairer and more delicate-looking than ever, and the dark rims under her eyes showed that the past few weeks had not been spent entirely in pleasure and amusement.

But her face was as determined as ever; and Mrs. Osborne looked at her rather doubtfully, as if in wonder how she would take her next speech.

"Don't think me inquisitive, dear," she said, laying down the elaborate piece of lace-work she had been idling over, "but, as your friend, I think I ought to know a little of the rights of the case. Besides—" A shade of embarrassment crossed her pretty face.

"I know," said Cecil, turning quickly to her, and if possible, growing a shade paler, while her eyes flashed ominously.

"Do you think I have not eyes to see, nor ears to hear?"

Then the expressive face changed again, the pride faded out of it; a scarlet flush of shame showed how keenly her woman's delicacy had suffered.

"My dear, don't trouble yourself," returned Mrs. Osborne, rising and laying a caressing hand on her shoulder.

"Nobody who is worth anything believes a word.

"If I could only find out who has spread the reports, he should never darken my doors again."

Mrs. Osborne's face flushed crimson with annoyance and indignation, for under her frivolous pleasure-loving exterior was hidden a very warm little heart, and Cecil Durward was her friend.

"It was wrong of me not having told you all about it long ago," said Cecil quickly; "but I was ashamed.

"Now I mean to tell you everything. You will understand better why."

She checked herself, and then, with a gesture half-peremptory, half-caressing, she pushed Mrs. Osborne down into her chair, and, standing in front of her, began her story.

She spoke quietly and softly; only now and then the light in her eyes, and the flush

that mounted to her cheeks, belied the apparent calmness.

"Twelve years ago, when I became an orphan, I went to live with an old friend of my mother's.

"I lived with him for three years, and was very happy.

"The old man was kind to me, and let me do very much as I liked, with the single exception of making any friends.

"The consequence was, that I grew up dreamy and unpractical.

But he had a purpose, I discovered; and the purpose turned out disastrously, as you will see."

Cecil's face flushed a little, but she went on in the same quiet tones.

"He had another ward, a young man whom he had adopted when he was only five years old.

"I never saw anything of him all the time I was there, but I used to hear a great deal about him, and I believe he grew a little vexed at my position in the house.

"Kind friends told him that I was taking his place.

"After three years, my guardian died suddenly, and his adopted son was sent for.

"I was ill at the time, and did not meet him till the day of the funeral, when the will was read."

The color deepened in her cheeks, and the hands, that had been hanging passively at her side, clasped each other tightly, as if the remembrance of that afternoon were still unpleasantly vivid.

"I did not wish to be present, but the lawyer insisted.

"He might have spared me the shame of it.

"The money was all left to his adopted son, on one condition—that he married me!

"If he or I declined to fulfil the condition, all the money was to go to a charity.

"It was a cruel will," she said, speaking more slowly; "and though I was a mere child, barely sixteen, I felt all its injustice.

"Bertram Durward had been brought up to expect it, only to gain it at last hampering with a dull, uninteresting child for a wife.

"It was hard.

"Don't say anything, for I know what it was.

"I could have sunk into the ground with shame, as everybody present turned and stared at me; and his face showed only too plainly how he took it.

"It may seem strange, but really at the moment I did not think so much of myself.

"I was too miserable at being the innocent cause of his bitter disappointment."

"Just what any one might expect of you," said Mrs. Osborne, decidedly; but Cecil shook her head.

"I was silly and romantic; and I had been so in the habit of considering him as a hero who had only to come and to conquer, that the thought of poor little insignificant me coming in his way quite overwhelmed me.

"To make the story short, he first emphatically refused to agree to the condition.

"Complimentary, was it not?"

A faint smile played round her mouth.

"Then, after an hour or two's anxious persuasion from his friends, and the lawyer's arguments—I did not know this till afterwards—that I should be left penniless, he began to think better of it.

"The end of it was that he proposed to me that evening—for so it had been ordered in the will—and I accepted.

"By some extraordinary argument I had, after a hard battle with my own pride made myself believe that it was right.

"We had a solemn interview.

"He was very good to me, though he must have thought me a terrible fright, for I had cried until my eyes were so red and swollen I could scarcely see out of them; and then I was too shy to say a word, and only stood there dumb and uncomfortable.

"That night, before going to bed, I went into the library to be a little quiet, and try and realize the oddness of my position.

"I must have fallen off into a doze, for I was suddenly awakened by voices.

"I was sitting on the window-sill, and the curtains completely hid me from the people in the room; but I soon found out that they were Bertram Durward and the lawyer.

"They were speaking of the marriage."

Cecil's face grew very pale and her eyes troubled, and she stopped a second; but, with a gesture of self-disdain, she went on again.

"My future husband was speaking very bitterly of the injustice done him, and the misery of being tied to a wife he could never love.

"The lawyer tried to console him, and I learned that Bertram had been very extravagant, and was so hampered with debt that he would have to leave the country unless he complied with the condition.

"He even remarked that it must be hard for me too.

"'Hard upon her,' Bertram exclaimed, 'when she no doubt had a hand in bringing it about!

"'Do you think she is not as anxious to get the money as I am, or that any maidenly shame would prevent her enjoying it when she gets it?'"

"The horrid creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Osborne.

"He did not know any better; but that decided me.

"I ought not to have listened to it all; but my only reason for not showing myself was the wish to spare us any more humiliation.

"Mab, can't you understand what I went through?" she said, stretching out her hands with a passionate appeal that was checked before it could be answered.

"My pride and my woman's dignity on one side; on the other, the cruel injustice of his lot, his disgrace, and his banishment!

"The next morning I asked Mr. Durward and the lawyer to meet me in the library.

"I asked the former if he still wished to marry me.

"He answered yes.

"Then I made my conditions.

"We would be married immediately; but we must part at the church-door, never to meet again.

"He made a kind of half hearted demur; but I was firm, and until that night last month we have never once seen or heard of each other."

Cecil did not say that, though Bertram Durward had wished to make her a handsome allowance, she would take nothing but just sufficient to live upon in the most simple manner.

Mrs. Osborne looked at her friend with real commiseration.

That a marriage should have been arranged on such purely mercenary grounds in no way shocked her—she was too used to such things in her own world; but that Cecil should have been shut out for nine years from all the pleasures and amusements of a society she was so fitted to shine in, that, in reality mistress of one of the prettiest properties in England, she yet should be leading a lonely life in a dull little village of Brittany—excited the whole pity of poor Mrs. Osborne's fashionable soul.

Cecil knew that her friend could not possibly look on the marriage from her own point of view.

She would never understand how Cecil's whole nature, strengthened, purified, ennobled by the healthy simple life she had led for the last few years, revolted against the sin and the degradation of such a marriage.

The education of those years had taught her to see with a clearness of vision that all Mrs. Osborne's worldly wisdom would never bring her.

"But, Cecil, though I think you acted perfectly right then, it is quite different now.

"There is no doubt that you are in a very awkward position.

"It would be much pleasanter for you to be at the head of a good home; and Mr. Durward has the sweetest place in Buckinghamshire, to say nothing of a perfect gem of a town house."

"Mab!" burst from Cecil, in such tones of utter bewilderment that Mrs. Osborne started.

"Don't frighten me like that, Cecil!" she said, recovering herself, and laughing.

"I'm not Mr. Durward!

"It is all very well to despise wealth and position, but life would be too monotonous without them.

"Take my advice, make it up with your husband, and——"

"Sit at the head of his table, and receive his guests, and otherwise graciously submit to his lordship's commands!"

"Don't be a goose!

"I believe he is more than half in love with you now."

Cecil started, then a wave of the loveliest crimson rushed over her face and throat.

"You are mistaken," she said, moving away.

"He cares no more for me than for any other piece of furniture indispensable to the perfection of his house."

"You are too——" began Mrs. Osborne; but Cecil was gone, and Mrs. Osborne was fain to admit that there was just one thing that marred her otherwise perfect friend, and that was her utter want of common sense.

* * * * *

"And you think me contemptible enough to accept the shelter of a man's name and position to save myself from the untruths that I despise?"

"But you forget.

"You are not free to incur the disgrace and dishonor of being spoken lightly of."

"Disgrace! dishonor!

"Surely you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Durward!

"Do you know that I consider it would dishonor me to enter your house? and yet you dare apply such words to me!"

With flashing eyes, and quivering lips that could scarcely frame the words she uttered, Cecil Durward stood facing her husband in the garden of her own home in Brittany.

"Do I forget?" he exclaimed, maddened by the scorn of her last words.

"God knows I can only remember one thing—that you are my wife, and that every word spoken against you is torture to me."

"To your pride," returned Cecil slowly, though her voice still vibrated with the passion that had moved her.

"You need not fear any longer; I shall never return to England again."

In spite of her pride that had been wounded to the quick, her voice faltered as she finished.

Bertram Durward took a sudden step nearer her.

"Will not you understand?" he began; but she turned on him with bitter scorn.

"No; I do not understand.

"When I married you, you gained all that you desired.

"What right have you to disturb me now?"

He drew back, his face white to the very lips.

"You are right," Bertram haughtily answered.

"We can never understand each other."

Without another word he turned, and left her standing in the midst of the tall white lilies, that filled the whole garden with their fragrance.

As he let the little gate swing behind him, a soft breeze rustled through them, and carried their perfume out to where he stood in the dusty country road.

To his dying day he could never come near one of the white flowers without the remembrance of the angry pain and despair that he bore with him out of that garden.

He turned out of the long sleepy road, and to a winding path that led down to the beach.

A fisherman mending his nets called out something to him as he crossed the brown-ribbed sand, but he did not catch what he said.

A turn of the cliffs brought him into a kind of bay, formed by the black rocks and cliffs that rose up frowning and inaccessible on three sides.

The sands were bare for a long way out to sea, and, with a vague wish to put as much space as possible between himself and that fragrant garden, he wandered out until he came to the end of a ridge of black rocks that divided the little bay at low tide into two parts.

Almost mechanically he pulled out a cigar; and as he sat on the rocks smoking, he tried to solve the hardest enigma life had ever yet proposed to him.

He was madly, hopelessly in love with his own wife; yet how was he to make her believe him?

The cigar went out, and he did not trouble to light it again, as he sat with his face troubled and haggard turned towards the sea.

Cecil Durward had left London before the season was over to go back to her Brittany home.

The malice of Mrs. Smith, who had already succeeded in making things very unpleasant for Cecil in her strange position, reached a climax at a picnic given by her, to which Mrs. Osborne was, through sudden illness, unable to go.

Cecil, much against her wish, was forced to go alone, as Mrs. Osborne, knowing that Bertram Durward was to be there, appeared so disappointed at her desire to stay at home that she yielded.

But the day was miserable.

Before it was over, she found herself in the most painful position a proud sensitive woman can well be—with all the men on her side, and the whole of the women against her.

It is only fair to say that the women present were chiefly friends after Mrs. Smith's own heart.

Bertram Durward chafed and fumed, but could do nothing.

He saw that everything was wrong, but could pick out no tangible grievance nor particular offender; for it would be easier to hold a will-o'-the-wisp in your hand than to oppose or thwart the subtle undefined malice of a jealous ungenerous woman.

Cecil only grew colder and quieter in proportion as she suffered; but she left town soon after that, wishing, with passionate pain, that she never had been persuaded to leave her safe refuge in the far away Brittany sea-village.

The season had been an unusually gay one.

Mrs. Osborne, who had lived in a whirl of excitement from morning till night, was completely used up, and, to her horror, the doctor ordered her the most absolute repose.

It was too dreadful, and the bare idea of a sleepy English country place made her shudder.

The only thing that would help her to support this enforced dulness would be Cecil's society; and one August morning Cecil had a letter from her friend to say that she was coming to her.

Mrs. Osborne arrived with a plan in her head, but with despair she was beginning to think the plan hopeless.

She had persuaded Bertram Durward to join them, thinking that in the desolation and *tristesse* of a quiet little village anything might be brought about.

"I should flirt with the cure of the place myself if you were not here," she said to her husband, as she unfolded her scheme.

He appeared doubtful of the result, having formed a fairly accurate estimate of Cecil's strength of character; and though his pretty little wife was vexed at his scepticism, she was at last beginning reluctantly to share it.

In all her match-making she had never had to deal with two such hopelessly refractory beings as these two, and there was no denying that Cecil was the harder to bend.

She was as pitiless as a rock where her pride was concerned.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, but still Cecil Durward moved restlessly about among the lilies.

A peasant woman stopped at the little white gate, and wished Cecil a good-evening.

She lingered talking for a few minutes, and then, with a shade of anxiety on her weather-beaten face, asked if Madame had seen the English gentleman that evening, as two hours ago he had gone down to the beach toward the dangerous bay.

A fisherman had called out to him, but he could not have heard, as he had not returned.

Monsieur had often expressed a wish to see the bay by moonlight; but he must have forgotten that it was the spring-tide.

Cecil's face grew deadly white.

She looked out across the sea, which was already beginning to gleam cool and clear in the silvery rays of the rising moon.

The beach at the foot of the cliffs, on which the village was situated, could not be seen from the garden.

With a few more questions, she dismissed the woman, and stood for a second or two reflecting.

Then, with a look of sudden decision, she flew, rather than ran, up the little path to her door.

When she emerged again, she was wrapped in a long dark cloak that fell down almost to her ankles.

"God grant that I may not be too late after all!" she murmured, with a quick look upwards; and, without waiting to go down to the village for more help, which would only have delayed her, she sped along the road until she came to a path cut into the cliffs, leading down to the beach beneath.

Once on the sands she flew along with her bare feet, keeping her eyes fixed on the black jutting promontory that hid the bay from her view.

The waters were already nearly up to the cliffs as she hurried along, and as the rough crags that shut in the bay on this side curved toward the sea, the waters were almost knee-deep as she waded past, each wave as it advanced gaining more strength, and threatening to carry her off her feet altogether.

Another effort and she turned the projecting rock, and stood once more upon the brown-ribbed sand.

She cast one quick eager glance across, and then her heart stood still.

Standing in the centre of the beach, shading his eyes as if the moonbeams on the waters had dazzled him, was the figure of a man.

She did not advance at once, but turned and looked at the place she had just left.

A few seconds would make no difference now, for by the time she reached the still unconscious figure, escape by that way would be impossible.

The opposite side had already been covered some minutes before, as its cliffs projected still farther out to sea.

The dreamy ripple of the advancing waves prevented him hearing the sound of hurrying feet.

A hand was laid on his arm.

"Cecil!" burst from his lips.

She did not answer, only turned and pointed to the shining sea that had so completely cut off their retreat.

For a second he stood as if bewildered; then a strange look flashed into his eyes.

"We can swim through," he quietly said.

She shook her head.

"You would be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

"Do not you see that white foam?

"The water is up now as far as the village.

"Our only chance is to get out to that rock;" and raising her hand, she pointed to a jagged black rock some distance from the shore.

Cecil spoke quietly, coldly, and, but for the strangeness of the scene—the black frowning rocks, the slowly-advancing sea, and the ominously-lessening beach—he could almost have fancied himself once more in Mrs. Osborne's conservatory.

"Make haste, or the current will be too strong."

But he could not move.

"Cecil," he exclaimed, with a passionate gesture, "what made you do this?"

"Are not you my husband?" she quietly said; and, before he could answer, her feet were already almost in the rapidly advancing water.

She threw the cloak on the sand, and then, for the first time, he discovered that she was in a soft swimming-dress which gleamed white in the moon's rays.

His heart gave one wild throb.

"What could all this mean?

Had she really taken this thought for his own safety?

But the hope died away as quickly as it had come.

He was her husband, that was all; and with a sickening disappointment he followed her.

He dared not waste another minute, for her sake.

As they stepped into the deep water he offered to help her; but she shook her head, while a faint color tinged her cheeks.

But before she reached the rocks the current had grown almost too strong for her, and, but for his watchful care, she would more than once been dashed against the ridge of rocks that still showed in some place above the water.

The strange silent swim was over at last, and, as Bertram Durward raised her on to the friendly shelter, a faint sigh of thankfulness broke from Cecil's lips.

Bertram did not speak.

He turned abruptly, and looked back at the bay they had just left.

The waters were up now, and, as he saw the waves dashing in white foam against its rocky sides, brave and reckless of his life as he was, he could not repress a shudder to think how narrowly he had escaped drowning like a rat in a hole.

He had escaped, but at what a risk!

With something rising in his throat that yet did not shame his manhood, he turned again from the treacherous bay.

His face grew whiter and whiter, and his breath came quickly, shortly.

"Cecil," he began, in tones of such concentrated feeling that, for the first time be-

fore him, Cecil's cold reserve faltered, and her hands clasped each other as they always did when she was roused, "tell me why you have done this?

"Is it only for the reason you gave?

"If this be so, I would rather have died a hundred times than that you should have risked your life for me!"

Cecil rose to her feet, but she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand.

He saw it, but dared not attempt to help her.

The whole strength and passion of his love swept over him, leaving him sick and faint; and in that one moment all his selfishness, all his self-seeking, were scorched up in the fire of a love that was now wholly pure and worthy.

He knew that he would willingly have laid down at that very moment his own life if, by so doing, he could have freed her for ever from the burden of the life she now bore.

There was no doubting the truth and the regret, the passion and the renunciation, that shone in his eyes, as he looked down into her face.

Cecil did not answer; and the bitterness of death came upon him.

"You do not know, for you will never believe me, how I love you; but now, when I swear to give you up for ever, will you not at least forgive me the pain I have cost you?"

"Do you really love me?"

The words came faint, trèmulous, and yet with a strange note of triumph in them.

"Love you!" he echoed passionately; "love you? when I tell you I would pray for death as I never prayed before if by so doing I could free you, and—gain a pardon and a kind thought for myself!"

He turned, and looked down into the water, that had already risen very near to where they stood; and a wild temptation seized him to fling himself down into its cool green depths, and then and there end all the fever and the pain that so sorely beset him.

What was life to him now without her? and did not his life even darken hers?

"Bertram, what are you thinking of?" she asked.

He turned swiftly to her again.

"Thinking of!

"Oh Cecil, my love, my wife, I was thinking I have been as a man who has fallen in love with a star, and because the star was so far above him he prayed for death, if even that might bring him a little nearer it."

She shook her head.

"Thank God, I am only a woman!" she said softly; "and there is no need for death to bring us nearer.

"Bertram, it is you now who will not understand!"

For the space of one short second he still stood looking at her as if stunned—the next her two hands were in his, and he was covering them with such passionate reverent kisses that Cecil was thankful for the soft moonlight that veiled her flushing cheeks.

"I cannot believe it even yet," he said, after a short silence more eloquent than words.

"Do you really mean that you will try to love me at last?"

"I have loved you since I was a child," Cecil answered softly, "even when you thought me stupid, dull and uninteresting."

"Cecil!" pleaded her husband, while a flush of shame dyed his bronzed handsome face.

"And it was because I loved you that I would not come to you until you loved me in return.

"I did not want protection, nor a home, nor wealth."

But in spite of her words, there was no scorn in the smile that Cecil gave back in answer to her husband's.

With a new understanding came a new desire for life, though every moment showed more clearly the peril of their position.

As Cecil knew, the waters would but just rise above the surface of the rock; and if they could only resist the strength of the waves, that looked so smooth and gentle in the moonlight, but which yet swept against the rock with almost irresistible force, they would be saved.

The first hour was a terrible one, and Bertram prayed, as he had not prayed since he was a boy, that at least Cecil's life might be saved.

They could only wait till the tide had gone back again; and as Cecil trembled with the wet and the cold, his heart sank within him at the thought of the result of her self-sacrifice.

But they were spared the ordeal.

The woman who acted as servant to Cecil had been out when the latter started on her search.

After her return to the cottage she began to be alarmed at her mistress's absence, and went down to the village to see if she had gone there.

There she met the woman with whom Bertram Durward lodged, who was also growing very uneasy at his absence.

The result of their efforts was a visit to Mrs. Osborne, who, when she heard the different particulars, nearly cried with fear and alarm.

She insisted on a boat going round to the bay, though every one explained that if the English gentleman had stayed in the bay the boat would be useless now, unless, of course, he had made his way out to the big rock, which a stranger would never think of.

But Mrs. Osborne would listen to no reasonable arguments.

A dreadful fear had taken possession of her.

What if Cecil had gone to warn her husband?

Though she would not raise a finger for wealth or position, there was no knowing what absurdity she would be guilty of for some mistaken notion of duty.

Mr. Osborne for once agreed with her, without the provoking smile with which he generally answered his wife's suggestions.

An hour later Cecil was at home.

As Mrs. Osborne left Cecil's room she found Bertram waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, unable to leave the house until he had heard that she was recovering from the exposure.

"You nearly lost me my friend, sir," said Mrs. Osborne, smiling, though the brightness of her pretty eyes was rather dimmed for the moment.

"But I have found a wife!" he returned, with such an unfashionable squeeze of the hand that her fingers tingled.

"If it had not been for you, Mrs. Osborne, I should never have come here."

"I suppose you think you have done a wonderful thing, bringing those two foolish people together?" said her husband, as they walked quietly back to their own rooms.

"Suppose they quarrel again?"

"Don't be disagreeable, Charlie.

"It is all right.

"Do you know, I am very glad I did not marry you for your money."

"Thank you.

"All the same, it was a good thing that I had plenty."

But the dainty little face held up to his, with its unusual access of thoughtfulness, was too winning to make him wish to press the question; so as it was a lonely country road, and there was no one to see, he contented himself with a kiss instead.

New Publications.

"Sylvie's Betrothed," Madame Greville's new book, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is full of an inexpressible charm. Its dainty grace reminds us of "Dosia," while it is far loftier in aim and with much more of a plot. Having two heroines—a young and wilful girl and a married woman—a wider field is offered for such contrasts of character as are peculiarly the forte of the author. We heartily recommend it to our readers as not only interesting, but as a very successful study of French society. As a translation it is excellent. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The Century, for October, contains two new portraits of ex President Lincoln, as the frontispiece, engraved in One from a phototype taken two days after Lincoln's nomination, and a reproduction of a photograph made just before his death. A paper by Frank B. Carpenter, How Lincoln was Nominated, contains many hitherto unpublished facts. The number has also six richly illustrated papers, Life in a Mexican Street, The Corcoran Gallery of Art, A Georgia Corn-Shucking, Hand-work in Public Schools, The Gibraltar of America (Quebec,) also The Negotiations for the Obelisk, and The Growth of the United States, by Gen. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the last census. There are besides a number of good stories and poems and the departments are complete and interesting. Price, 35 cents, $4 a year. The Century Co., New York.

The *Magazine of Art*, for September, is a splendid number. The following articles, all more or less beautifully illustrated, are worthy of special mention: The Heir Presumptive, Teuner, the Normanton Hogarth: Some Original Ceramists, An Open Air Painter, After the Herring, "Laborama," The Gargoyle in Architecture, Art in the Garden, Rabelais, New Facts on Landscape, The Ambras Collection, The Orphans of Katwijk, and others. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York. 35 cents per number.

Lippincott's Magazine, for October, has a very interesting table of contents. In the opening illustrated article, Norfolk, Old and New, Charles Burr Todd tells how this city, "evidently intended by nature for a great commercial centre," is at last beginning to profit by the advantages of its position. My Escape from the Floods, by Annie Porter, gives a vivid description of the overflow of the Mississippi river last spring. Bark Canoeing in Canada, an illustrated paper by "Kanuck," and Camping on the Lower Wabash, by H. M. Catherwood, are both prettily described by their titles. My College Chums, by Henry A. Beers, gives a fine capital sketches. In the way of fiction there is a further instalment of the lively and well-constructed serial, Fairy Gold, and the full complement of short stories. There are some very good things in the Monthly Gossip, and the whole number is eminently readable, and among the best of the year.

As usual, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, for October, is full of valuable reading. The general literary matter is worthy all praise, but the various departments are of a character that should make it more than welcome in the household. T. S. Arthur & Son, Publishers, 227 south Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rough edged note paper, which looks as if it had been torn all about the edges and reduced from a large sheet to meet the requirements of the writer, is the latest joy of the note paper dandy.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M C

Stratford, August 24, '82

Editor Saturday Evening Post: I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W H H

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 20, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all whom I have shown it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J W C

Masonlown, D. C., August 12, '82

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K I. O'N

Ogunwka, Ill., August 22, '82

Editor Saturday Evening Post: The picture, "Presenting the Bride," came safely to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R C.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82

Editors Post: I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

T. S. F

Chattanooga, August 17, '82

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E B

Verndale, Minn., August 13, '82

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Geograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I F D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Geograph "Presenting the Bride" came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H

Makaud, Pa., August 17, '82

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I L

York, Pa., August 14, '82

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. H.

Columbiaville, Mich. August 12, '82

Editor Post: Your premium "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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MALARIA

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FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, [illegible] as quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

I will cure Cramps, Colic, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colera Morbus, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains. **Summer Complaints.**

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent that will instantly stop pain.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, The Dolorous, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy and Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent exceed all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious, or [illegible] appearance, and pain in the small of the back and along the [illegible]

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RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

[illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Our Young Folks.

THE DOG OF PENELLAN.

BY ARIOS.

UNLESS you go far, very far north indeed, you will hardly find a more picturesque place than the little village of Penellan, which nestles quite close to the sea on the southern coast.

I say it nestles, and so it does, and quite cosy it looks down there, in a kind of glen, with green hills rising on either side of it, with its pebby beach and the ever-sounding sea in front of it.

There is a church, and a meeting-house, and a school, and a few shops that are supposed to sell everything, and those are the only public buildings, as you might call them, in the place, with the exception of Widow Webber's hostelry.

It was at this hostelry that there arrived, many years ago, the hero, or rather heroes—for there are two—of this short tale.

Spring was coming in, the gardens were already gay with flowers, and the roses that trailed around the windows and porches of the pilchard fishermen's huts were all in bud, and promised soon to show a wealth of bloom.

Now, not only Widow Webber herself, but the whole village, was on tiptoe to find out who the two strangers were, and what could possibly be their reason for coming to such a little outlying place—fifteen miles, mind you, from the nearest railway town. It appeared they were not likely soon to be satisfied, for the human stranger—the other was his beautiful Newfoundland retriever, Sindbad—simply took the widow's best room for three months, and in less than a week he seemed to have settled down as entirely in the place as though he had been born there, and had never been out of it. The most curious part of the business was that he never told his name, and he never even received a letter or a visitor.

He walked about much out of doors, and over the hills, and he hired a boat by the month, and used to go long crabbes among the rocks, at times not returning until sun was set, and the bright stars twinkling in the sky.

He sketched a great deal, too—made pictures, the pilchard fisherman called it.

Was he an artist?

Perhaps.

The "gentleman," as he was always called had a kind word and a pleasant smile for every one, and to say Sindbad was a universal favorite with the village children. Nor had honest Sindbad been long in making friendly relations with the little ones, either—

He had walked down to the beach on the very day after his arrival, where some of them were playing, and at once made acquaintance with them.

"My master is busy painting," he seemed to say, "and I haven't much to do; let us have a game of splash-lash.

"You shall throw that piece of stick as far as ever you can into the sea, and watch how quickly I'll bring it out again.

"Bow, wow, wow! Come on."

The little ones accepted the challenge, and so the ice was broken, and every day all the summer that great black dog might have been seen playing with the children on the beach.

How they laughed to see him go splashing in!

And the wilder the sea, and the bigger the waves, the more the dog seemed to enjoy the fun, and the more did they.

Being so quiet and neighborly it might have been thought that the gentleman would have been as much a favorite with the grown-up people as Sindbad was with the young folk.

Alas! for the charity of this world, he was not so at first.

Where, they wondered, did he come from?

Why didn't he give his name, and tell his story?

It couldn't possibly be all right, they felt sure of that.

But when the summer were away, and winter came round, and those policemen, whom they fully expected to one day take the gentleman away, never came, and when the gentleman seemed more and more liberal over, they began to soften down, and to treat him quite as one of themselves.

Sindbad had been one of them for a very long time, ever since he had pulled the baker's little Polly out of the sea when she fell over a rock, and would assuredly have been drowned except for the gallant dog's timely aid.

There were only two houses in the little village at which the stranger visited.

One of these was the clergyman's, the other that of the village school-master.

Whether or not the former was honored with the gentleman's secret I cannot say.

It seems to be kept, and no one ever dared to take the liberty of asking him.

But the villagers soon decided to respect the secret, or else had to be content with such scraps of information as they were quite as wise as before.

So they were content at last to take the gentleman just as they had him.

"Concerts!" cried Widow Webber one evening, in reply to a remark made by the stranger.

"Why, of course, our little village! Whoever was sing?"

But the stranger came back down the beach with a quiet smile, and asked the widow to make a seat near the fire, and he would tell her about it.

What a treat Sindbad also got in the hearing, and just singing beside him, and the kind words big he got, and a delightful

grate, the room looked quite cosy and snug like.

So the poor widow sat down, and the stranger unfolded all his plans.

Nobody knew, he said, what they could do until they tried, and he felt quite sure that, with the help of a few of the young folk, he could get up a concert every fortnight.

And it all fell out just as the stranger wished it.

He was an accomplished pianist, and also a good performer on the violin.

And he had a good ear and the way he kept his class together, and drew them out, and made them all feel contented with their efforts and happy, was perfectly wonderful.

The first concert was a grand success, a crowded house, though the front seats were only ten cents and the back fifteen cents.

And all the proceeds were handed over to the clergyman to buy books and magazines.

So the winter passed more quickly and cheerfully than any one ever remembered a winter to pass before, and summer came once more.

It would need volumes, not pages, to tell of all poor Sindbad's clever ways.

Indeed, he became quite a village dog; he would go errands for any one, and always went to the right shop with his basket.

Every morning, with a penny in his mouth, he went trotting away to the carrier's and bought a paper for his master; after that he was free to romp and play all the livelong day with the children on the beach.

It might be said of Sindbad as Professor Wilson said of his beautiful dog—

"Not a child of three years old and upwards in the neighborhood, that had not hung by his mane and played with his paws and been affectionately worried by him on the flowery greensward."

Another winter went by quite as cheerily as the last, and the stranger was by this time as much a favorite as his dog.

The villagers had found out now that he was not by any means a rich man, although he had enough to live on; but they liked him none the less for that.

But what a deal of good even the very poorest of us can do in this world if we only try!

The Easter moon was full, and even on the wane, for it did not, at the time I refer to, rise till late in the evening.

A gale had been blowing all day, the sea was mountains high, for the wind blew wildly from off the broad Atlantic.

One hundred years ago, it is truth must be told, the villagers of Penellan would have welcomed such a gale; it might bring them wealth.

They had been wreckers.

Every one was about retiring for rest, when boom! boom! from out of the darkness seaward came the roar of a minute gun.

Some great ship was on the rocks not far off.

Boom! and no assistance could be given.

There was no rocket, no lifeboat, and no ordinary boat could live in that sea.

Boom!

Everybody was down on the beach, and ere long the great red moon rose and showed, as had been expected, the dark hull of a ship fast on the rocks, with her masts gone by the board, and the sea making a clean breach over her.

The villagers were brave; they attempted to launch a boat.

It was stove in, and dashed back on the beach.

"Come to the point, men," cried the stranger.

"I will send Sindbad with a line."

The point was rocky promontory almost to windward of the stranded vessel.

The mariners on board saw the fire lighted there, and they saw that preparations of some kind were being made to save them, and at last they discerned some dark object rising and falling on the waves, but steadily approaching them.

It was Sindbad; the piece of wood he bore in his mouth had attached to it a thin line.

For a long time—it seemed ages to those poor sailors—the dog struggled on and on towards them.

And he was alongside.

"Good dog!" they cry, and a sailor is lowered to catch the morsel of wood.

He does so, and tries hard to catch the dog as well.

But Sindbad has now done his duty, and prepares to swim back.

Poor faithful, foolish fellow! if he had but allowed the sea to carry him towards the distant beach.

But no; he must battle against it with the firelight as his beacon.

And in battling he died.

That is my story.

But communication was effected by Sindbad betwixt the ship and the shore, and all on board were landed safely.

Need I tell of the grief of that dog's master?

Need I speak of the sorrow of the villagers?

No; but if you go to Penellan, if you inquire about Sindbad, you will find a simple slate stone, in a green nook near the burials, where the crimson sea-flowers bloom.

And the folk will point you out the gentleman's grave in the old churchyard.

He did not very long survive Sindbad.

The grey-bearded old pilchard fisherman who showed it to me only two summers ago, when I was there, said—

"Ay, sir! there he do lie, and 'the sod over him had a warmer heart than his was.

"Old fellow, sir?

"Yes, sir, it's down yonder; his money bought it.

"There is more than me, sir, has shed a tear over him.

"You see, we weren't charitable like to him at first.

"Ah, sir! what a blessed thing charity do be!"

CATS AND LOBSTERS.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

TWO cats found their way into a shed belonging to a fisherman's shop, where they discovered a hamper full of live lobsters.

"How delightful!" said one of them who answered to the name of Muff; "if there is one thing more delicious than another in the way of fish, it is a lobster."

"How charming indeed!" replied Grimalkin, "I could live upon lobsters and oysters."

"They certainly are lobsters," said Muff, who had been sniffing round the basket. "But how are we to get at them, for the lid is closed."

Grimalkin had now jumped upon a table, and was examining the hamper from above.

"There is no string," said she; "the lid is pressed down, and if one could get one's paw just a little way in so as to raise it the very least, it would soon be opened."

As the cats were very ingenious cats, after some consultation they decided that this might be done, and in spite of several unsuccessful attempts they managed to start the lid on one side.

Having done this they found to their surprise that the inmates of the basket were not unwilling to help them, and a number of black claws protruded themselves.

"Dear me!" said Grimalkin; "black lobsters! I thought lobsters were red."

"Not until they are boiled."

"I did not know that," returned Grimalkin.

"Ah, one of them has got out already; I'll begin with him," said she.

And down jumped Grimalkin, but in so doing she struck against the basket, which tilted over, and the lobsters were soon sprawling on the ground.

What a treat!

The cats eyed their prey with intense satisfaction.

Such a treat did not often offer itself, and they must make the most of the opportunity, especially as time was going fast, and the old clock showed that it was not far off the hour when the fisherman and his family would be rising.

Muff was looking round to choose the finest lobster, when suddenly a piercing shriek from Grimalkin startled her, and she hastily turned round.

But in another second she herself gave a dreadful howl, for she was conscious of a sharp and sudden pain.

Yes; there they were, each with a lobster hanging to it, and pinching as if their lives were made of iron, and what was more, by no effort that they made could they get rid of the enemy.

They dashed against the wall, but all in vain—nothing would disengage them, and the pain made them cry out so loudly that they attracted the attention of the fisherman and his wife.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Sarah, do come here! such a sight! it's the cats and the lobsters! ho, ho, ho!"

The fisherman's wife hastily made her way downstairs, and there she saw her two cats, each with a lobster fastened to its tail.

"Serves them right," said the fisherman, "for being such thieves."

Muff and Grimalkin mewed piteously.

As soon as the fisherman could stop his laughter he extricated the two cats, who rushed wildly off.

"We were regularly taken in," said Muff.

"Ah," returned Grimalkin, "let it teach us to be wiser, and not believe that all is gold that glitters."

CHARLES B. SCOTT, A lively reader writing from Grantsville, Nevada county, Cal., relates an incident of a little child having been charmed by a rattlesnake: "On Saturday last I was working in my kitchen, when I was startled by a loud scream from my little boy, 4 years old. On asking the cause he said: 'Oh, mamma, a big snake; a great big snake!' I rushed for the door, and 'imagine' my feelings when, almost paralyzed with horror, I could only gaze on the awful sight that met my eyes. Ten feet from me, and on the doorstep of the woodshed, stood my baby boy, 22 months old, gazing as if fascinated upon a large rattlesnake, which was coiled in front of him about two feet away and was gently moving its head back and forth, looking at the child with eyes like flame. My screams frightened it, and my daughter, 12 years of age, ran past me and caught her little brother out of the way, when the reptile glided swiftly away. My screams brought my husband [illegible] to the spot [illegible] a short distance off [illegible] two weeks past the Sixth Instant, after a contest in which the snake fought well. He was nearly four feet long, and had ten rattles and a button. [illegible] as he called it, and would not be pacified until shown the dead body of the horrid thing. I was completely unnerved from fright and I do not think I shall ever forget that terrible scene."

TEETH OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

YOU have heard it said in joke, "As scarce as hen's teeth."

But hen's teeth are really the most common things in the world.

They are small gravel stones, and they grind food in the gizzard instead of in the mouth.

Birds pick up their teeth anywhere when needed, and never have toothache.

An ostrich has been known to swallow a stone weighing more than a pound, and in his stomach were found as many things as in a boy's pocket—"nuts, cords, stones, glass, brass, iron, tin, copper, lead and wood."

An ostrich in London died from swallowing part of a parasol.

He thought he needed a very long tooth, but he was mistaken.

His parasol-ache we might call toothache.

The lower animals, such as sponges, coral-polyps, jelly-fish, clams and oysters—what teeth have they?

The books say none.

But they have tremendous teeth—the waves and rocks that grind up food for them.

Beside living on little invisible plants and animals, they take in any food dissolved in the water.

Sea-urchins have a circle of teeth, pointing toward the centre of the mouth like the spokes of a wheel.

The higher shell-fish, such as snails, have a long tongue coiled up, sometimes longer than the whole animal, and on it are rows of curiously shaped teeth, made of "silica," which is the same thing as quartz.

A large slug has sixteen rows of teeth, and one hundred and eighty in each row, making nearly three thousand.

Such tongues are like long files or rasps.

It would be hard for a snail-doctor to find the particular tooth that aches.

Crabs and lobsters, besides the horny teeth on several pairs of jaws, use a number of their many legs as jaws, and these are called foot-jaws.

If a boy were as plentifully supplied with mouth-parts as that, to say nothing, of many claws, what havoc he would make in an orchard!

The twelve legs of a horse-shoe crab have rows of teeth all along the thigh. He could, at once eat twelve pieces of pie, perhaps. Certain insects, such as the grasshopper tribe and some beetles, have a gizzard with horny teeth growing in it.

But most insects have to depend on a good assortment of knives, needles, brushes, combs and tubes, with which their mouths are furnished.

Coming to fish, you will find that the most of them have teeth growing anywhere inside the mouth, these are sharp and pointed backward, like those of snakes, and are useful in holding and swallowing, more than cutting.

Common snakes have rows of these ever growing and turning upward as the outer ones are worn off.

Some sharks have a pavement of teeth, like cobble-stones, to break and grind clams and oysters.

In the highest class of animals, the differences in teeth are very curious.

In general, the front teeth are chisels for cutting; the "eye-teeth," when long, as in the lion, are like claws for holding; and the other teeth are either shears for cutting flesh, as in the lion, dog, cat, or millstones for grinding grass, corn, etc., as in the horse and cow.

The top of an elephant's grinders looks much like the rough surface of a millstone; and animals with grinding teeth can move their jaws round and round, like a mill, as you may have noticed in a cow.

The elephant's tusks are his upper front teeth.

Those of a walrus are the eye-teeth, and are used not only in fighting, but also to help climb on the ice or rocks.

An elephant not now living had the lower front teeth as tusks, probably as pick-axes for digging up roots.

The gnawing animals—squirrels, rats, mice, rabbits—have their front teeth set on the side toward the mouth, and hard on the outside, so that gnawing wears away the soft side and keeps the tooth sharp.

And the tooth is always growing.

If not used enough, it would become too long, and the animal could not get its own proper food.

In museums may be seen skulls in which these teeth have grown very long, curved over, and pierced the forehead.

The rats and mice must gnaw or die.

So do not blame them for that, even when you kill them or drive them away.

A GIRL who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down a hill.

A Boon and a Blessing Beyond Price.

If Compound Oxygen never effected a radical cure of any disease, but only retarded its progress, and made the invalid life more comfortable—gave refreshing sleep to those oppressed, a new sense of vitality to the weak and nervous, freedom from pain to those who suffer, bringing sunshine and cheerfulness into sick rooms—it would be a boon and blessing beyond price. But it does all this and more, we have the grateful acknowledgement of thousands who have come under our treatment. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, modes and results, with reports of cases and copies of questions sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BEST WAY.

BY RITA.

When the shadows cross the sunshine,
And like sudden summer showers,
Tears o'erflow the eyes you dreamed of,
In a vanished summer's hours,
Then call back the banished sunshine,
Listen! let me whisper this—
Go and tell her that you love her,
And go tell it with a kiss.

Have some angry words been spoken?
Think what sad and bitter fate
Comes to hearts who vainly sorrowed
Over harsh words when too late.
Loving words will cost you little;
Put your stubborn pride away—
Be the first to ask forgiveness
For the words that mar the day.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burden heavy grown,
Let your words be kind ones only,
And may frowns be all unknown.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As adown the world you go,
To the one who journeys with you,
If you love her, tell her so.

COMPANY MANNERS.

IT was a saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that in every dialogue between two persons, there were in reality six present—two as they were each as he believed himself to be, and each as he appeared to the other. It would not be difficult to add two more, and to say that there were present each as he desired to represent himself to his neighbor.

For there is nothing more certain than that every word and action of our lives, except in those moments of passionate emotion which annihilate self-consciousness, moments which do not occur more than once or twice in an ordinary life-time, are regulated by the effect to be produced on those around us.

And this by no means implies that it is a universal or even a very general wish to make oneself agreeable.

A man may delight in showing his contempt for his surroundings, he may be absolutely indifferent to the pain which he inflicts, but he will never lose sight of the effect he is producing, though he may fully believe that he has done so.

For instance, while men who delight in making themselves disagreeable, are as plentiful as blackberries, those who voluntarily and consciously make themselves ridiculous as rare as four leaved shamrocks. The misfortune is that our perceptions are so dull and defective that there is often a ludicrous discrepancy between the effect we produce and that which we believe ourselves to be producing.

We would none of us be ridiculous if we could help it, but it is to be feared that few of us have altogether escaped the ridicule of our friends, even in what we regard as our most impressive moments.

It is this inability to form a just conception of what is pleasing to others which is cause of half the ill-breeding in the wide world.

Good manners do not consist in obedience to any set of rules, and the absolute uselessness of manuals of etiquette in forming even their rudiments is due to the fact that their very essence is adaptability. What we call "company manners" suggests an unpleasant vision of a thin veneer of conventional politeness, through which ignorance and vulgarity are very plainly visible.

The reason of this, however, is not that there is any innate impropriety in modifying one's behavior in accordance with one's surroundings, but that, unfortunately, the assumption of ceremonious courtesy is with many people so rare an effort that it has all the awkward stiffness of an infrequent and unfamiliar impersonation.

The general notion that a perfectly polite person is exactly the same in all companies is not tenable for a moment, as there are actions which would be the height of ill-breeding in one place, and the very essence of courtesy in another. Indeed the difference between good manners and "company manners" is that the one is the natural expression of ordinary courtesy, self-control and knowledge of the world, while the other is an effort made for some temporary purpose, or to bring one's self into harmony with unusually difficult surroundings. Extra pains taken for this purpose is highly commendable in principal; but those who make the effort rarely are apt to do it awkwardly, and so have brought the endeavour itself into disrepute.

In one of Mrs. Gaskell's most charming stories there is an old lady who is a typical member of the *ancienne noblesse*, aristocratic, refined, and fastidious to the extremest point.

Her perfect manners are founded on the truest nobility of nature; and it happens, in the course of the story, that she sees occasion somewhat to relax her fastidious exclusiveness, and to admit, as evening guests, a worthy couple whose birth and breeding are not equal to their merit. On tea being handed round, one of these guests, who has never before partaken of the meal, except when seated at a solid table, is embarrassed by having to hold her cup, and having, further no plate for her bread and butter, she spreads a large handkerchief over her lap to catch the falling crumbs.

The other better born, if not better bred visitors titter among themselves, but Lady Ludlow, the hostess, silences them by drawing out her own handkerchief, and spreading it upon her knee to prevent her guest from discovering that her action is the source of the mirth about her. It is such manners as Lady Ludlow's that Mr. Tennyson means when he calls them "not idle, but the fruit of noble minds," and he has given an example of such when Geraint, the chivalrous knight, saw his fair lady about to lead away and groom his horse. His instinct was, of course, to prevent her, but on her father's explaining the case, we are told that

Reverencing the custom of the house,
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

Grains of Gold.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Pleasures come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.

Your goodness must have some edge in it, else it is none.

We finish by excusing our faults, but we always blush at our blunders.

No man ever yet made a gift without hoping for some sort of equivalent return.

It would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he had none.

The worship of the Lord from charity can never differ, however externals may be changed.

The path of duty is sometimes thorny; yet many a thorn do we escape by always walking in it.

Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship.

Though charity may tend to make your purse lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier another.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, who thinks himself superior to others.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and most elegant of all compliments.

Weigh others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales would certainly have a sinecure.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

He who spends all his life in sport, is like one who wears nothing but fringes, and eats nothing but sauces.

If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows like a shadow that never leaves him.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and all judge better in the affairs of others than in their own.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many indifferent things.

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better is its fruit.

He who performs his duty in a station of great power must needs incur the utter enmity of many, and the high displeasure of more.

Any person can criticise good work. It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

There is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose. The most consummate hypocrite cannot at all times conceal the workings of his mind.

How singular that we should be so slow to credit men for disinterestedness in private matters, as members of society; and so ready to credit them for it, in public affairs, as patriots.

To gain the reputation of much talent, throw away the little which you have. The Roman garrison which threw away the loaves, was supposed to be possessed of an immense deal of bread.

Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go and visit the poor! Inquire their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed. It is the best medicine for a heavy heart.

Feminimities.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

Wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.

Oil paintings hung over the mantlepiece are apt to wrinkle with the heat.

"Some women," says a female critic, "never get color right in the matter of color."

They who marry for physical characteristics or external considerations will fall of happiness.

It was a Detroit girl who wanted to marry a man so as to have her golden wedding hurry up the faster.

A literary woman? Is Mrs. Brown a literary woman? Decidedly. She makes beautiful pen-wipers.

Velvet will be much worn this fall and winter, and it will be good taste and economy to buy a good velvet costume.

The bachelor has the misfortune that no one tells him his faults to his face, but this good fortune the married man has.

Who says the age of daring deeds has passed into the shades, when a man elopes with his mother-in-law, as one did a few days ago?

A Baltimore belle has married a policeman. His beat was in front of her house for over a year, and she noticed that he never snored.

On a railroad train you can generally pick out all the married men who have their wives with them—they leave the females and go into the smoking-car.

French women have seven grades of mourning. The seventh, which is for second cousins, also answers for balls and parties. It is a happy combination.

It is said that the Empress of Germany has for many years given a great deal of her time to the study and improvement of people's stoves and kitchens.

The great secret of the marriage relation is to learn to bear with each other's failings, not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility, or it is a folly.

Signorina de Labruyere, danseuse, now in London, is very beautiful. An Italian paper says that she is an Oriental dream, and that her little toes are like iron.

A New Haven lady refuses to permit her daughter to go away on a visit. Last time she visited she came home and insisted upon eating with her fork, and having an extra plate for her pie.

Next to how to trim an old bonnet to make it look entirely new, what bothers the girls of the present day is how courtships were conducted in the days when there was no ice-cream.

A bonfire was made of the finery from the wardrobe of a woman who had become a convert to Free Methodism, in Tennessee, and an enthusiastic meeting of prayer and praise was held round the flames.

Gail Hamilton says: "A woman may have been originally one step in advance of man, but he very soon caught up with her, and has never since suffered himself to labor under similar disadvantages."

They have a woman out in Mathews township, N. J., who gives a muscular demonstration of women's rights. She has set up in the blacksmith and wheelwright business, herself wielding the hammer, etc.

We think we go in for pretty costly trousseaux, but they are nothing compared with those provided among Parisian swells of the last century. That of Mlle. de Matignon, who in 1775 married the Baron de Montmorency, cost $125,000.

It is a very singular fact that married ladies always find fault with their husbands when they feel gallant and cavalier-like to other men's wives. They think it is eminently proper, however, for other people's husbands to do the agreeable to themselves.

A great deal of decorative color is now fashionable for bed-coverings. Silk covers of embroidery or of rich damaske are used over the entire bed. If a white spread is preferred, it is brightened by a scarf drapery of dark brocade thrown across the front of the bed.

San Francisco has three women lawyers, and an old man who was on a jury in a case in which one of them appeared got up as she was about to begin her argument, and asked the judge if he wouldn't kindly chloroform him until she had finished. He said a talking woman reminded him painfully of his dead wife.

"You ought to live on bread and water, if your husband is not able to give you any more!" said a maiden aunt to a young girl in the presence of the man she was about to marry. "I am worth my board and clothes to anybody," replied the girl, "and if Joe thinks he can't afford them of good quality, I know plenty who can," she thought he could, and promised to do so through life.

Bad for the business: "Mamma, dear," said a New Haven girl, just in the flush of early womanhood, "I have something to tell you; George has proposed, and I have accepted." "My child, I cannot think of you thus disgracing yourself. George is not a suitable match for you. Besides this would make him as one of the family, and he would pay no more board." Thus will be seen the incompatibility of a boarding-house girl falling in love with one of the boarders.

As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, the ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, it is the first object of her thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the Deity of infancy.

News Notes.

Andrews, Ind., has a brass band composed of fourteen young ladies.

Dilleville is interested in an egg resembling a plum, with the stem attached.

"Newly-invented curses to armies," is what General Wolseley calls newspaper correspondents.

For those who use both eyes in shooting, an English gentleman has invented a two-eyed sight-piece.

A "foliage excursion" is to be given the poor children of New Haven, Conn., in a couple of weeks.

A Louisville, Ky., man is reported to be at the point of death from the bite of a mosquito.

In Floyd county, Tenn., recently, four brothers, named Burnett, married four sisters, named Henry.

A Washington nurse girl bites all the babies entrusted to her, and she can't get steady employment.

The Czar has again taken counsel of his fears, and postponed his coronation until some time next year.

A market has been found for the silver dollars at last. Louisiana wants 120,000 a week to pay the field hands.

Two Boston boys bumped heads so forcibly that one died the next day, and the other was made dangerously ill.

The rope with which a Kansas murderer was hanged has been woven into book-marks and given to the convicting jury as keepsakes.

A citizen of Cincinnati has discovered that a small quantity of Limburger cheese taken to bed with him at night effectually keeps the mosquitoes away.

Mr. John Carrington, of Gananoque, Canada, recently visited his sister in Gouverneur, this State, it being their first meeting in forty-eight years.

A peanut vendor in Atlanta City is worth $40,000; a newsboy in Denver can show $20,000; and a bootblack in Baltimore claims to be worth over $20,000.

Prof. Storer, a blind musician of North Adams, Mass., has been appointed teacher in the Royal College for the Blind in London, and goes soon to his new position.

At Greenville, N. C., the people let their hogs run in the streets during watermelon time, in order to dispose of the rinds, which would otherwise furnish a green and slippery pavement.

A man who is about to die at Mishawaka, Ind., has obtained a solemn promise from his relatives to bury him seated in an easy chair, in a vault which shall then be hermetically sealed.

A druggist in New Haven, Conn., was asked by a stranger to change a $20 bill, and obligingly complied. After he had gone the druggist noticed that the bill was a $50 one, and that it was genuine.

Nearly all the farmers in the districts traversed by the recent Iowa cyclone have guarded against future loss of life, in case of such disasters, by digging pits near their houses for places of retreat.

There are no taxes in New Castle, Del., for the support of the local government and schools, William Penn having endowed the town with land which now rents for enough to pay all the municipal expenses.

In and around a cave in the Green Mountains, of Virginia, a hermit of immense size, and with long, snowy white hair and beard, has lived for forty years. He is over 60 years of age, and will speak to no man.

The estimated value of real and personal property in the United States in 1850 was $7,135,780,000, against $34,082,000,000 in 1880. That is, the gain in twenty years has been $1,220,000 a day, or nearly $1,000 a minute.

There has been an unusual burglary at Streator, Ill. Some person or persons, not yet detected, broke open a window of a poor widow's residence, and deposited a sack of flour, a ham, and other provisions.

The United States sent to Great Britain last year two million more newspapers than were received here from there—a gratifying proof of the growth of intelligence among the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

Patrick H. Whalen, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on arising at 6.30 one morning recently, found that he was totally blind. At noon his eyesight returned to him as mysteriously as it had gone, and he could see as well as ever.

Pat Conlen, of Chicago, has the blood of six men on his hands, having killed his antagonist in that number of fights. In some of these cases he acted in self-defense, and in others he escaped with little or no punishment.

A prosperous Michigan baby-carriage factory had its origin in the birth of fifteen babies in the town in thirteen days. A carpenter got the job of making carriages for the whole number, and from that start the business grew.

The richest man in Mexico is said to be an Irishman named Patrick Mimo, who owns a 40,000 acre farm, and is reputed to be worth $10,000,000. When he went to Mexico he hadn't a dollar, but got a start by a fortunate marriage.

A valise being carried from the cars to the steamboat, in New Bedford, Mass., one day last week, suddenly burst into flame, a package of matches contained in it having become ignited by the jarring. Some of the contents were saved, but the valise was thrown overboard.

William Young, aged ninety-three, won a wrestling match and ran a mile in five minutes at an Illinois fair. It is charged that the other wrestler was bribed, and the time-keeper for the race is also accused of corruption, but all agree, including Young himself, that Young is a wonderful old man.

POSTAL HISTORY.

THE origin of postal communication dates from Biblical times, when it began with ordinary foot messengers, used by great folk exclusively.

In the earliest days a sort of systematic postal service existed for regal and patrician correspondence.

In the Roman empire, couriers on swift horses passed the imperial correspondence along the line, and private communication was kept up through the medium of trusted slaves.

The first recorded riding post for any but governmental correspondence was established in Persia, by Cyrus, five hundred and ninety-nine years before the Christian era.

He divided his kingdom up into postal districts, and appointed innumerable messengers.

These postal messengers of Cyrus went continually, night and day, with great speed.

The superintendency of the posts became an important office.

Before he became the last Persian king, Darius held it.

The first public riding posts in Rome came in under Augustus, nearly six centuries later.

But the Chinese had a postal system away back in the first chapter of their history.

A queer point in Chinese postal history is that they had laws providing for the punishment of writers of decoy letters and robbers of the mails.

Chinese posts were called Jambs.

They were located twenty-five miles apart and Marco Polo says they numbered ten thousand and employed two hundred thousand horses in his day.

These Chinese post houses were also inns, at which sumptuous entertainment was provided, if the Venetian traveler is to be believed.

The Peruvians and Aztecs had a regular system of postal communication, evidently the outgrowth of ages of experience.

Many specimens of their hieroglyphic correspondence exist in museums.

Apart from the riding posts, pigeons were exclusively used in the Orient for the conveyance of correspondence.

In fact, the practice continues there to this day.

In Syria, Arabia and Egypt every Bashaw generally has a basketful of them with him on his travels from the grand seraglio, where they are bred, and uses them in cases of emergency to communicate with his friends.

There are records of dogs having been used for long distance correspondence by the races of Northern Europe.

In those days letters were generally in the form of rolls, round a stick, or, if a long letter, round two sticks, beginning at each end and rolling them until they met in the middle.

Books of every size were called rolls.

Our word volume means just the same thing in its original signification.

The roll, book or letter was commonly written on one side.

Letters then, as is the custom in the East at present, were sent in most cases without being sealed; while those addressed to persons of distinction, were placed in a valuable purse or bag, which was tied, closed with clay or wax, and so stamped with the writer's signet.

The Roman scrinium or bookcase, a very costly cabinet, shows how these rolls were preserved. They were put in lengthwise, and labeled on the top.

Under the Stuarts a regular system of posts was established, the benefits of which were to be shared by all who could find the means.

The mails were carried in saddle-bags, and the carrier blew a ram's horn to announce his coming, probably the most pleasant melody that instrument ever gave mouth to.

In 1632 regular day and night posts were established between London and Edinburgh.

Under Cromwell the English post was carefully watched, letters were opened, and people mercilessly persecuted on information thus acquired.

The Restoration saw the establishment of the first penny post in 1683.

It is only thirty-four years ago since the first postage stamp was used in this country.

Prior to 1847 postage was charged by the mile, and the postman received the price of the letter on delivering it to the person to whom it was addressed.

For instance, in 1790, a letter was carried from Savannah to New York for 30¾ cents, and from Boston to New York for about 17 cents.

Between the two points last mentioned mails were carried on horseback, and the time occupied in going from one point to the other was three days in winter, and two days in summer.

In King James' time the rate of postage in Great Britain was two pence for a letter for a distance less than eighty miles, four pence up to 140 miles, and six pence for any longer distance in England, and eight pence to any place in Scotland.

Our stamps were issued on the 1st of July, 1847, in denominations of 5 and 10 cents only.

In July, 1851, a new series was adopted, consisting of 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 24, 30, and 90 cents.

These continued in use till 1861, when another series of the same denomination as the foregoing, but of different designs and colors, was adopted.

The 2 cent stamp was first used on the 1st of July, 1863, to accommodate the local rate of postage.

A SHORT RECORD OF SOME OF THE CASES THAT DR. J. H. SCHENCK, OF PHILADELPAIA, HAS CURED OF CONSUMPTION AND OTHER SERIOUS DISEASES OF THE LUNGS

MRS. SARAH LAWSON, OF NEW YORK CITY

was attacked with Consumption in 1864. She suffered with the disease for several years, during which time she used many cough remedies, and was attended by physicians, but gradually grew worse. In 1867 was examined by Dr. Schenck, and soon after began using his medicines. She used them for a little over two months and was entirely cured. She has enjoyed good health ever since.

Mrs. Lawson lives at No. 34 West 13th Street. Go and see her.

A full account of her case is given in Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, which is sent free to all applicants.

WM. H. BLAKE,

Captain of the Steamer "John E. Maude," of the Memphis and St. Louis Packet Line, has used Dr. Schenck's remedies in his family for years with great benefit. In the Fall of 1871 he recommended them to Mr. Porter Leonard, who keeps the large livery stables at Cor. of Ninth and Pine Sts., St. Louis. Mr. Porter's son was suffering with Consumption at the time. He had tried many remedies, as well as a residence in the South, without benefit. By the use of Dr. Schenck's medicines he was restored to perfect health.

BENJAMIN TANNER, Esq.,

who is a prominent builder of Providence, R. I., was necessarily exposed to the roughest of a rough climate in attending to his building operations. In 1873 he contracted a heavy cold on his lungs, which soon settled in confirmed Consumption. His case was considered hopeless. He was persuaded to use Dr. Schenck's medicines by his friends, and after using them for several months was entirely cured. He has enjoyed good health ever since, and is now as healthy a man as you will find in Providence. He is always pleased to see and talk with those who are suffering, as he has reason to believe that Dr. Schenck's medicines are a specific in lung diseases. Mr. Tanner resides at 126 Pearl Street.

MR. BENJAMIN TIFFANY, OF BAY CITY, MICH.

writes that his mother, who formerly lived at Oswego, N. Y., was cured of Consumption in the year 1874. This is another case which the physicians pronounced incurable.

MR. JEREMIAH WINN, OF WORCESTER, MASS.,

whose lungs were naturally weak, took a heavy cold in February, 1870. He soon had all the prominent symptoms of Consumption. As Consumption is hereditary in Mr. Winn's family he was naturally anxious about his condition. He used Dr. Schenck's medicines until cured. His place of business is at 36 Irving Street, Worcester, Mass.

ILLINOIS.

Mr. Peter Christopher, of Pawnee, Ill., in his letter to Dr. Schenck, dated June 12th, 1873, says that he took seventy-five bottles of cod liver oil, among other disagreeable medicines, and all without benefit. He had all the symptoms of Consumption, bleeding from the lungs, cough and night sweats. He says, "It is without doubt that I owe my life to the use of your medicines. I am now well and hearty."

This is from a report made to Dr. Schenck at his home office in Philadelphia:

MR. DAVID LACEY

was sick for nearly six years. He had so many different doctors that he said his house looked like a drug store, for each physician prescribed a different course of treatment. He usually got a little better in the Summer months, but as soon as the wet, cold weather of Fall came he was down again. His weight went down from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and twenty pounds. Then he began to use Dr. Schenck's medicines, and they cured him in the course of a few months. He is now in excellent health. His brother was also cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's medicines. Mr. Lacey resides at No. 1439 Spring Garden Street.

ILLINOIS.

We shall next mention the case of Mrs. A. W. White, of Pekin, Ill. Her husband writes Nov. 31st, 1873:

"In the Winter of 1871 three prominent doctors told me that my wife had consumption, and that she could not live until Spring." By the advice of a friend she used Dr. Schenck's medicines, and her husband in his gratitude says, "Thank God by its use her life was saved. She is now entirely well."

Mr. White is the proprietor of the White House, at Pekin, Ill. If you live near there call and see him.

A FARMER, MR. AARON ECKER, OF KNOX, N. Y.,

was cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's medicines. His was a case of great suffering. The phlegm from his lungs would collect in the bronchia, tubes to such an extent that he was sometimes in danger of choking to death. He had night sweats, severe cough, and often such pain in his sides and breast that it was almost impossible to lie down. His feet and legs were badly swollen. He is now so well that he works on his farm, and enjoys better health than he has in years. Call on or write him, his address is Knox, Albany Co., N. Y.

MR. JNO. G. NOTHACKER, OF SHELBY, OHIO,

read the Cleveland Herald and saw that several persons had been cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's medicines. He concluded to try them, as he had been suffering with lung disease for some time. He says, "They were rather slow in their action at first, but after taking them for a couple of weeks I saw that I was getting better." He soon recovered his health and strength. See Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, page 14.

MR. SANFORD CALDWELL,

was rejected by the army physician in 1862 as unfit for service, who said that one of his lungs was entirely gone. He had given up all hope of recovery, when Mr. Jno. S. Benson, who lives in Indianapolis, advised him to use Dr. Schenck's medicines. He improved very fast after beginning their use, and was finally cured. His health has remained good ever since his recovery, now over twenty years. Mr. Caldwell's address is Connersville, Ind.

Mr. L. Rawls, druggist, of Connersville, certifies to the truth of Mr. Caldwell's statement.

CONNECTICUT.

Mr. T. R. Salisbury, of South Kinlingly, was cured of Consumption in 1860, by the use of Dr. Schenck's medicines.

C. W. EMERSON, OF NATICK.

Mr. Emerson is a man of facts, and he wishes it understood that he has given only plain facts in his letter to Dr. Schenck. He says, "When I began taking your medicine I often coughed up clear blood, and was so weak that I had to rest when half way upstairs. My feet and ankles were swollen so that it was difficult for me to walk. I had steady diarrhœa which nothing would stop, and night sweats every night.

"I AM SATISFIED THAT I HAD CONSUMPTION." He concludes, "I want to impress on all who are afflicted that there is no use in taking your medicines without persevering. I have since my recovery recommended them to two others, both of whom it cured."

Mr. Emerson is a gentleman well-known in the county in which he resides. His letter should be read in full. You will find it in Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, which is sent free, postpaid.

Dr. Schenck was first known to

MR. GEO. C. REDDEN, OF ALBANY, N. Y.,

in the year 1870. At the solicitation of many of his patients, the doctor had consented to visit Albany for two days, and while making examinations and giving advice to his patients at Stanwix Hall, he was called upon by Mr. Redden. His story was a sad one. His little daughter had been sick for a long time, and was so low that it was impossible for him to bring her to the hotel; in fact, she was confined to her bed. Mr. Redden had employed several of Albany's best physicians, and they all pronounced her incurable. Several of her mother's relatives had died of Consumption and the only thing apparently to be hoped for was something to soothe and comfort her for the little time that she had to live.

After his office hours Dr. Schenck visited Mr. Redden's residence in East Albany, and after a careful examination of his patient, told the parents that he believed she could be cured. He was right, for, after using his remedies for two weeks, she began to improve rapidly, and in a short time was entirely cured. This case is well known in Albany, and anyone interested can call on Mr. Redden, whose office is at the corner Orange and Water streets. Mr. Redden is the Agent of the White Line Central Transit Co., at Albany.

MR. NORMAN BLANCHARD,

resides in Florida, Berkshire Co., Mass.

In the Fall of 1871 he was very low with congestion of the lungs, and as the cold weather came on his disease rapidly developed into a well marked case of Pulmonary Consumption. His physician, as is too often the case when this disease becomes firmly seated, told him that there was no benefit to be derived from any medical treatment, and so discontinued his visits. Fortunately for Mr. Blanchard, he did not believe this statement, and so concluded to use Dr. Schenck's medicines, which eventually cured him. This is the record of one case among many thousands. Read Mr. Blanchard's letter in Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, which is sent free to all applicants. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Dr. Schenck's medicines have made several cures of Consumption in La Porte, Ind. We mention

MRS. JOHN ENGLESBURGER.

Her husband says: "My doctor told me that he could do nothing for her and that there was no hope for her recovery." She was cured by Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Sea Weed Tonic.

JOHN ITTICK, OF LA PORTE, IND.

was so low with Consumption in 1872, that he had no hope of recovery. He says, in his letter to Doctor Schenck, Jan. 21st, 1881, "I waited for death to put an end to my sufferings. I was disgusted with medicines I had tried so many without benefit, and when some one advised me to take yours, I plainly said that I did not wish to be experimented on any more." Mr. Ittick was persuaded, however, to use Dr. Schenck's medicines, and his condition improved rapidly from their use. He was entirely cured, and says "that he owes his life to the use of Dr. Schenck's medicines."

Mr. Ittick is well known in La Porte, being one of the original German settlers of La Porte Co., Ind.

F. W. NEBELTHAU,

another old citizen of La Porte, Ind., and ex-Trustee of the county, was dangerously ill with lung fever in 1865. He used Dr. Schenck's medicines, and was entirely cured.

There is hardly a town or city in the State of Indiana where Dr. Schenck's medicines have not made cures in serious lung diseases.

MR. A. SHELLY,

of the firm of Smith & Shelly, Dry Goods Merchants, at Grass Lake, Mich., was considered an incurable Consumptive. He was so sick that he gave up all business. He was induced to try Dr. Schenck's medicine by reading Doctor Schenck's book. Is now in active business and perfect health. He has recommended the medicine to others, and says he can tell of some wonderful cures made by them. Go and see him.

MRS. J. B. MILLER,

of New Castle, Ind., is another who was saved from a Consumptive grave by Dr. Schenck's medicines, after she had been attended by New Castle and Hagerstown physicians without benefit. Call on her, or write to the above address.

By the advice of

MR. J. S. UPTON,

of the firm of Upton & Browns, Machinists, of Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. Cyrus Laverty, of Charlotte, Mich., used Dr. Schenck's medicines. They cured him of a severe bronchial affection, with which he had suffered for a long time. This was in 1871, and Mr. Laverty has had no return of the disease.

Mr. Upton was also cured of a serious disease by Dr. Schenck's medicines.

REV. HENRY MORGAN,

the Evangelist, of Boston, was cured of Consumption over 20 years ago. He is still in good health, and preaching to his congregation at his chapel, No. 81 Shawmut avenue, Boston, if you can call on him there. His was a severe case; and he has since recommended the medicines to many others with great benefit.

MR. J. McCONIGAL,

of the Empire House, Akron, O., says, "My mother was saved from a Consumptive's grave by the use of Dr. Schenck's medicines, and I advise all who are afflicted with lung disease to use them."

MR. A. B. GRIFFIN,

of Ravenna, Ohio, was cured of severe bleeding of the lungs by the use of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.

Be sure to send for Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, you will find it of great value whether you conclude to use his remedies or not. It is sent free, postpaid. Address J. H. Schenck & Son, corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Schenck's Medicines, Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are sold by all druggists.

Dr. Schenck is at his office in

PHILADELPHIA EVERY MONDAY.

ALSO AT THE

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, Broadway, New York.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 A. M. TO 3 P. M.,

WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Sept. 8th and 7th,	1882.	February 7th and 8th,	1883
Oct. 4th and 5th	"	March 7th and 8th,	"
Nov. 1st and 2d,	"	April 4th and 5th,	"
Dec. 6th and 7th,	"	May 2d and 3d,	"
Jan. 3d and 4th,	1883.	June 6th and 7th,	"

Thursday and Friday, July 5th and 6th, 1883.

AMERICAN HOUSE. Hanover St., Boston.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.,

WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Sept. 13th and 14th,	1882.	March 14th and 15th,	1883.
October 11th and 12th,	"	April 11th and 12th,	"
November 8th and 9th,	"	May 9th and 10th,	"
Dec. 13th and 14th,	"	June 13th and 14th,	"
Jan. 10th, and 11th,	1883.	July 11th and 12th,	"
Feb. 14th and 15th,	"		

NARRAGANSETT HOUSE. Providence, R. I.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

FRIDAYS.

September 15th,	1882.	March 16th,	1883.
October 13th,	"	April 13th,	"
November 10th,	"	May 11th	"
December 15th,	"	June 15th,	"
January 12th,	1883.	July 13th,	"
February 16th,	"		

Address all letters to Philadelphia.

A SIMPLE LANGUAGE.

Our language is a simple one,
You hardly need be told;
A forest and a treeless down
Are both alike a wold.

The man whose nerves are strong and well
A nervous man we call;
We also call him nervous, too,
Who has no nerves at all.

We say a horse is restive
When he will not budge or go;
When he refuses to stand still
He restive is also.

Our language is a simple one,
Which any one may see;
A word may now mean tweedledum,
And then mean tweedledee.

—S. TOLYN.

Facetiæ.

Lovers usually have weak eyes, and hence they turn the light out.

Resolutions never rise spontaneously; they always have to be drawn up.

Potatoes planted must have their eyes about them if they are to come up.

Time is money, but it doesn't go into circulation again after it is once passed.

When a law becomes a dead-letter, why don't they send it to the dead-letter office?

A yacht is more like a Christain than the average man. She can stand on a tack without swearing.

A Leadville church has this legend conspicuously posted: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."

I have the toothache to-day, and feel mean enough to hire somebody to whip me, if I could find any person that was able to do it.

The difference between a thief and a defaulter is that the defaulter steals enough to hire lawyers to defend him, and the thief doesn't.

A taste for music, when exhibited by young persons, is certainly commendable, and should be cultivated, but don't start them off with a drum.

The men of Tarshish could not have made much out of the voyage in which Jonah accompanied them, for they were obliged to throw the prophet overboard.

Some people are so very anxious lest men should be spoiled by the possession of too much money that they strive to get it all themselves. This kind of philanthropy is not uncommon.

After passing three years in the gay capital, a French student wrote to his father as follows: "I have made up my mind to set to work, dear father; therefore I should like to know whether it was law or medicine I came to Paris to study."

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, &c.

"Young men," said a tiresome and instructive old muff to a group of apprentices, "young men should begin at the bottom of their business and work up. "I can't," responded one of them. "Why not?" asked the old muff. "Because I am a well-digger," answered the apprentice.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

Talking about phrenological examinations, a man's wife examined his head the other day with the broken leg of an old chair and pronounced him an old fool. He says that when he reflects on what a mistake he made in picking out a wife, he is convinced that she is more than half right.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Well's Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

Within an egg laid by a Pennsylvania hen was found a needle. The hen deserves a certain amount of credit for her performance; but needles are cheap. Now, if hens generally were to commence laying eggs containing sewing machines, the value of their fruit would be enhanced fifty per cent. at least.

Superfluous Hair.

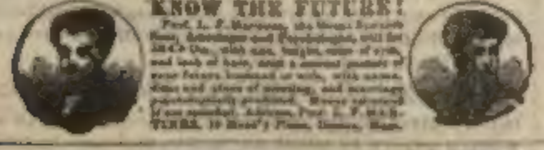
Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Smallest in the World. CLOCK $1.50.

All metal, nickel plated and warranted to keep correct time. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Circulars free. JOHN E. LOMAS, New Haven, Conn.



A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 48 Day St., N. Y.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. **Pianos** $237.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

25 Gold Edge Cards, name on 10c. A present with each order. Jordan & Co., New Haven, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

(From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*)

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation
HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

ORGANS

Five Octaves, one 1-3 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.
The Famous Beethoven Organ.
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.
Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

FREE. Send your address, with two 3-cent stamps, to CHAS. FARRELL, 132 West 26th St., New York, and receive an elegant set of imported cards, together with our new Illustrated book and card price list.

FOR YOU. How to Make Money Fast, and Plenty of it, send name and address on Postal Card and get it. C. LESTER, 22 N. William Church Street, New York.

RARE PHOTO BARGAINS only. Sure to suit, 10 cents. Box 66, Latham, Ohio.

Illustrated Catalogue, Photograph and Lecture, 10c. AUTOMATIC CABINET, Five and Ten Cents.
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS **ORGANS** **$5**
Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED. Organ Wanted, Cabinet, Size.
BARBACH ORGANINA CO., 909 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.
Correspondence solicited.
Samples and information free.
"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.
COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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Canvassing Agents can make more money selling the NEW and BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED edition of

Uncle Tom's Cabin

This edition has just been issued, and contains 593 pages, and 108 spirited illustrations.

Sold only by Subscription

WE Do not sell this edition to Booksellers.
Will outsell every other book.
For terms, address

WM. D. ALLEN & CO.,
121 South Seventh St.,
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AGENTS WANTED. A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK:
NEW YORK BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT
Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address
DOUGLASS BROS., 55 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa

Penn Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
No. 921 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
ASSETS.....$7,850,000
SURPLUS.....$1,825,000
SAMUEL C. HUEY, Pres.
PURELY MUTUAL.
Dividends annually. Policies non-forfeiting for their value. Endowment policies issued at life rates.
Agents Wanted.
Apply to H. S. STEPHENS Vice-President.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.
Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also Six-fifty Oleograph 12 for 2cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW. A woman's book about women. *Sells at sight.* Agents Wanted. Send for circulars and terms to FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 62. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Wanted Sells Rapidly. Circular Free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 119 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

LADIES WE GIVE the SOCIAL VISITOR, largest and best story paper, 3 Months on trial, and a Beautiful GOLDEN WORK BOX, containing 100 Best Needles; 2 Steel Bodkins; 3 long Darners, 2 short and 2 extra fine Darners; 1 Wool, 1 Yarn, 1 Worsted, 1 Motto, 2 Carpet and 3 Button Needles; 1 Safety Pin; 1 Gold-Plated Chenille Stud; 1 Elegant Silver-Plated Thimble; 1 Beautiful Gold-Plated Lace Pin, and 1 pair Elegant Lake George Diamond Earrings, for 50 cts. Stamps taken. This great offer is made to introduce our paper in new homes. We guarantee the premiums alone cannot be bought at any store for less than $1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Order NOW, and secure a Big Bargain. Address The Social Visitor, Box 5129, Boston, Mass.

100 Popular Songs, Words & Music, all different, 15c. ATLEE & CO., 19 Barclay St., N. Y.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

$75,000 CAPITAL PRIZE. $75,000...$5
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. TENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS M, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **October 10, 1882**—128th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of **General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,** who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
200	do	100	20,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$280,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.
N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

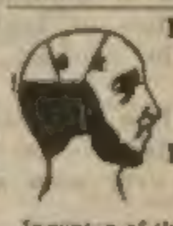
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.
B. FRANK MOORE.
127 La Salle St., Chicago.
(Formerly 319 and 212 Broadway, N. Y.)
New Manager Chicago Office,
to whom apply for information and tickets.
108th MONTHLY DRAWING.
Tuesday, October 10.
First Capital Prize $75,000. Tickets $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. *See full scheme elsewhere.*

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.
For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.
WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.



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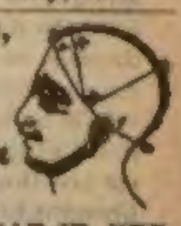

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape of neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

DIKE'S BEARD ELIXIR

A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agt's, Palestine, Tex.

SENSATIONAL BOOKS. List for stamp. Address JNO. A. WILSON, Paulsboro, New Jersey.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VANS & CO., Fairhaven, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free.* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is not absolutely our mission to predict what will be worn, as well as to announce what has been made, but we unhesitatingly announce that braids and soutaches, relinquished for so many winters, are fast and surely regaining the lost favor, and that autumn mantles will, for the most part, be soutaches d'astragales, and with flowers in relief.

Meanwhile, a pretty little vest is the business, in bluish gray cloth, quite uniform like, being braided with a large cord over the entire front.

The seams of the back are also ornamented with the braid, which can be either black, blue, otter, or dark gray, the color depending upon the style of the dress it is to be worn with.

The "officer's vest," in myrtle green cloth, with braid and olives, is also very elegant, and can be worn with any style of skirt, and almost any color.

Indeed, the fashions just now are, besides being stylish, also very economical, if only a little tact be used in reproducing and arranging them.

For rainy weather in the country this officer's vest will be a great acquisition, as well as for excursions and driving in open vehicles.

Indian shawls are also packed up for the country, for wraps for cold evenings, to protect the shoulders when the dress worn is only linen or cambric; but these are but wraps after all, and are not so useful when starting from home: it is for this reason we lay a stress upon the vests just referred to.

As novelties are continually being produced in everything, it is hardly astonishing that from time to time there should also be a change of fashion in point of jewelery.

Owing to the new style of brooch ornaments used in millinery at the present time, a want, of course, is felt for other things to match.

Needless to say, that in all matters of dress and fashion, the supply always equals the demand.

The novelties in bijouterie are really very suitable. Butter-cups and Easter daisies are faithfully reproduced in every conceivable size.

For instance, three butter-cups are placed on a velvet band of the same color as the costume, and thus form a very pretty collar; or sometimes there is only one large one in the centre, with its golden foliage, shaded in different tints.

For earrings this little field flower is made in the tiniest possible size.

Another fashion of the day, are the collars, Renaissance, Florentine, Tunisian, and Arab, as well as the golden fichus. These are worn outside the military collar of the dress. They may be called the ladies' order, in fact.

These collars, in gold and silver, with suspending chains, are fringed with pearls, and have drops, in gold or in silver; and though simple, and also inexpensive, are most becoming and elegant, at the same time.

For wedding, and other presents, there are, of course, some magnificent designs always on hand at the best shops. Branches of orange blossoms in diamonds, opening, as it were, in the midst of their buds, and foliage of different shades of gold, are made to wear on the shoulders of bridal dresses, as a fastening for the bouquet of natural blossoms.

It is almost by myriads, like the stars, that in the horizon of coquetry, the prettiest creations the world has ever seen are brought to light.

Fancy, to which there seems no limit, has lately been presiding at the organization of our toilettes, and as French women, and above all Parisians, have supreme taste, coupled with much originality, combinations are arranged of the most becoming kind.

As everything that is pretty may be safely worn, we see dresses of every style; mantles and jackets of a hundred different shapes, and hats and bonnets of every conceivable form. Of course, though, there are certain predominating modes.

At the present moment it is fine braiding that is invading us. It is to be seen everywhere; therefore we may, without claiming to be prophets, safely predict that autumn and winter costumes will be covered with it.

So, all who have time, and who like this kind of embroidery, should prepare not only a jacket, but also a dress thus embroidered.

We will briefly describe a very pretty model. It is in fine cloth or woolen fabric of the Jean-Bart blue embroidered in soutache with black mohair, consisting of a false skirt of silk edged with a tiny kilting.

Over this is another skirt rather tightly arranged, entirely embroidered in large patterns, reaching a long way up. Then there is a short tunic, or rather a simple drapery gathered full across the front, and on the hips, and ending in a sort of careless bow falling some distance down the dress behind.

The bodice is the coquettish and stylish little jacket that has been christened with so many names, the Handicap jacket, the Magyar, Hungroise, Hussar, and heaps of others, and that seems, with every fresh name, to acquire a new elegance, a more perfect shape.

This is, at the present time, the typical costume for out-of-doors life, and one that will be worn till the approach of, if not also during winter.

With the wind and gales sometimes prevalent at the sea-side, it is after all a most suitable and useful costume, as, besides its neatness and elegance, one is also warmly clad in such a dress.

Pink and red peonies are wonderfully set off by an ecru foundation. Over a skirt of very light ecru silk are two deep puffings of flowered corah, the edge having two flowing flounces of green velvet, which is double, as in the waving about as much of the under part is seen as of the outside. The paniers are also bordered with velvet, the same composing the small puff forming the tunic.

The vetement of the jacket shape always is, in this instance, the roumain style. Made of green cloth, the basque part of it is in three detached tabs at the back, two formed by the side pieces of the back, and the third by the two centre seams.

For trimming there is a wide silk braid at the edge, surmounted by a narrower one, put on in a small pattern.

But the style of this jacket is in the velvet plastron, which is buttoned on one side by little passementerie buttons, or balls. Two wide pieces of braid embroidery insertion ornament the upper part of the plastron, one row of the same going round the military collar band.

This is a most stylish and coquettish little jacket, and one sure to gain great favor.

We would have it well understood, however, that with the skirt we have just described, a lace bodice, or one of the same style as the costume, namely, of flowered corah, with velvet ornamentation, can also be worn.

Whilst speaking of lace canquins or jackets, we would assure our readers that for country and sea-side, during the present weather, nothing is more suitable than those bodices, especially for those ladies who suffer much from the warm weather, and find everything heavy.

The advantage with this style is that it can be made either adjusted to the figure or a little loose; it is lined with a thin silk of the same color as the lace.

And the effect is very pretty of this transparent tissue showing the silk lining, as well as of the ruchings of lace forming the collarette dotted with bows of ribbon. Most assuredly, this poetical looking and dainty garment is one of the great successes of the season.

Laces and embroideries both reign supreme just now, and it would be impossible to say which will gain ascendency over the other.

What becoming combinations they permit of! But we must not lose ourselves in dreamland by laying too much stress on the charming caprices of an ultra-elegant mode, but turn rather to the practical side; this being of course of more general interest.

And these little details of economy that are absolutely essential to many, are often, also, not despised by ladies whose means are not strictly limited, for how many there are who like to escape from luxurious clothing, when they are not obliged to wear gala dresses, or to be en grande tenue!

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

FOR the last year or two there has been a perfect craze for fancy baskets of every description; novelties abound, whether in shapes, style of wickerwork, or decoration.

One of the most simple and roomy designs of the wickerworker imitates coils of rope, and is white or brown, with gilded rims.

Round the lid and basket are arranged circlets of applique leaves in cloth or flannel, veined by long stitches in contrasting wool or filoselle. Variegated worsted tassels dangle at intervals from the lid; the inside, fitted up as a work-basket, with many pockets, is lined either by twill silk, satin, cashmere, or holland.

A pretty portiere, illustrates the present vogue for bold stripes, the horizontal ones being especially chosen for door-curtains, as they impart greater width to the appearance of the hanging.

There is a vast choice of these fabrics now in the market—stout woolen and silk mixtures, striped stuffs glinting with metallic streaks; gay Austrian blankets, too, are utilized for the purpose, and with capital effect.

Sometimes the edges are fringed with one of the multi-colored worsted specimens so well-known in art work. The drapery is drawn back by a huge cord with ponderous tassels, expressly manufactured for the material, or, to suit other tastes, the popular metal chains are employed, if not, the still more novel holders, consisting of balls in polished wood, connected at intervals of two inches by steel links.

Very artistic are the curtains in the fashionable Russian crash with fringe frayed from the material itself, and brown borders woven in antique cross-stitch patterns.

Housekeepers may well be partial to these Eastern innovations, if for nothing else than the convenience of buying hangings ready trimmed and prepared in regular lengths; nothing has to be done to them, in fact, but to mount them in box-pleats on a band of webbing, and sew hooks to attach them to the rings on the poles. A pair had a row of fringe crossing the plaits of the heading about six inches down. The golden brown tint of these coarse hempen fabrics harmonizes beautifully with all the dark and subdued colors of modern upholstery.

One would scarcely credit what a cool, pleasant aspect pervades the dining-room of one of our English aristocrats who has had it fitted up with Russian curtains and chair and sofa covers of butcher's blue linen! Ah, that friendly indigo! Dingy it may look in itself, but as a strong foil to surrounding light shades its value cannot be surpassed. So thought a noted artist who hung his drawing-room half way up with dark blue serge.

Some of our young friends will perhaps like to fill in spare moments by working a few yards of crochet lace so popular as a trimming. Rather fine white cotton must be chosen to go with the braid, or, if an elaborate trimming is desired, it is best to use Maltese thread in scarlet, blue, brown.

To copy the lace make a chain of the required length. 1st R.—1 D. C. and 1 chain, missing one beneath. 2nd R.— Turn 2 trebles and 1 chain, leaving 1 of the previous row. 3rd R.—Turn and work groups of 3 trebles and 1 chain, working 1 treble above the last of the 2 in the preceding line, and 2 into the intervening chain stitches. 4th R.—Turn 1 treble above the first space, * 3 chain 1 D. C. through next, 3 chain 1 treble through the next, 11 chain 1 treble in the two following spaces, 3 chain 1 D. C. through the next; repeat from * to the end. 6th R.—Turn, slipstitch along the 2 chain stitches which lie between the 2 loops of 11 chain. Take up the braid and work one S. C. into one purl, then 2 chain 1 S. C. into the 6th of the 11 chain. Miss one purl of braid, 1 treble into the following, 1 treble into the next, and stitch it by a S. C. to the treble between the loops of 11 chain, 1 treble into the next purl, 1 chain and 1 S. C. into the 6th of the 11 chain, 2 chain 1 S. C. into the next treble, again missing one loop of braid and catching the next by a S. C. This completes the upper side of a scallop, which takes up 17 purls of braid. Continue from *, ferreal catch 2 to the 3rd and 7th stitches of the 9 chain. The last way certainly gives most firmness to the hollow of the scallop. For the opposite side of braid, break off and attach the cotton which lies just below the 1st of the 4 loops of braid left, then make the 7 loops or waves thus:—* 3 chain 1 treble into the 1st of the 3 chain, 1 S. C. into a purl of braid; 3 chain 1 treble into the 1st of 3 chain, 1 D. C. into the purl; 3 chain 1 long treble into 1st stitch, treble into purl; 3 chain, 1 treble into 1st stitch, 1 treble into purl; 3 chain 1 long treble into 1st stitch, 1 D. C. into purl; 3 chain 1 treble into the 1st stitch, 1 S. C. into purl; 3 chain 1 treble into the 1st stitch, 1 S. C. into purl; 1 chain 1 S. C. into 3 successive purls; then repeat them *.

The star-powdering belongs to the legion of easy patterns for cross-stitch and outline be executed in cotton or washing silks; but on silk, satin, or cloth additional effect can be given by introducing arrasene, gold thread, or coraline wool.

A free and handsome style of initial embroidery display; the favorite wheatear, adapted to the stems of the M, and entwining the pillar of the B. The monogram is traced in a suitable size for ornamenting square pillow cases, table cloths, elegant sheets, quilts, etc. The stitch employed is the plumetis or satin-stitch, raised by means of a padding of stitches in soft embroidery cotton, run thickly lengthwise, then covered by the horizontal threads of the plumetis. For the spots and cross-bars, on the contrary, the padding is horizontal and the crossing straight; indeed, as a rule, the stuffing must always be in a reverse direction to the covering, with the stitches laid much more thickly in the centre, so that, when worked over, bars, spots, and stems stand out in slight curves from the surface. Used singly or together, these initials offer pretty models for decorating blotting cases, albums, sachets, letter-racks, hand-bags, and the endless knick-knacks quite essential to us nowadays. They are then wrought in gold thread or colored filoselle. Occasionally, even in white embroidery, brightness is introduced by an outline of red or blue stitchery.

Correspondence.

IGNORAMUS, (Plymouth, Mass.)—You had better decline the gentleman's acquaintance. His refusal to be introduced to your parents shows that he has no honorable intentions towards you.

THOMAS, (Windham, Conn.)—1. Outdoor exercise in walking is the best for promoting the growth. 2. You are rather short for your age, but you have plenty of time yet before you to attain a fair heighth.

EFFIE, (Jefferson, Pa.)—We cannot advise you especially what work to do. Perhaps you can find something in your own neighborhood; but do not be led away by specious promises held out by advertisers in the metropolis.

SIRUS, (Haddonfield, N. J.)—After waiting a reasonable time for an answer it might be well enough for you to write to the young lady again. She may have been ill or called away, and another letter from you would give her an opportunity to explain her reason for not having written.

AMANDA, (Columbus, O.)—If you ascertain that his affections are not engaged to another, there will be no harm in showing that you are pleased with his attention. But do not let your pleasure be too marked. Sometimes affections that are easily won are not prized at their proper value.

MUSICIAN, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—A maid may be the name of the maker of your violin; or it may be a fictitious name put on the violin to lead persons to suppose the instrument was made by some member of the Amati family, who were among the most renowned violin makers in the world.

I. L. R., (Caldwell, Mo.)—If you love the lady, and are determined to make her your wife, we should advise you to conclude the engagement at once. The other method looks like playing with her feelings for your own convenience. Ask her if she is agreeable to wait for you, and be guided by her decision.

HAMMOND, (Maury, Tenn.)—When a lady calls upon another for the first time, that is sufficient evidence that she desires the other's acquaintance, and no invitation to return the call is requisite. When two ladies who are acquainted with each other call upon a stranger, one should first introduce herself, and then her companion.

LENDER, (Monroe, Mich.)—There is nothing unlucky in lending books if they are returned uninjured, which we are sorry to say is very seldom the case. As regards the gift of a knife it is best not to do so, for though only a desire to please may prompt the gift, the person receiving it may take it as an intimation of a desire to cut the acquaintance.

LEGAL, (Marion, In.)—Parents exceed the limits of their just authority when they seek to compel a daughter to marry against her will. At the same time, while their request need not be complied with, they should be treated with the greatest respect and consideration. "Honor thy father and mother," which is the first commandment with promise.

S. L., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you send your formal "regrets" they should of course be sent to the parents, who gave you the invitation. It would be eminently proper to send an informal note to your friend, the groom, congratulating him and regretting that you cannot be present at the ceremony. This is not a matter to be decided by etiquette, but by kindly feeling and good taste.

S. H. J., (Henry, Ga.)—Yours is not an uncommon case. We know several persons who are similarly affected after tea; but as we do not give any medical advice whatever, we can only refer you to a doctor. It is far safer; for as all of our correspondents are unknown to us, a prescription that might relieve one in a hundred might only aggravate disorder to the remaining ninety-nine.

TOURIST, (Portland, Me.)—Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures were first exhibited in Paris, in 1780, afterwards brought to London, and opened at an exhibition in St. James' street, in 1802. The family are celebrated for longevity. Madame Tussaud died at the age of ninety-one, which age her mother died; her grandmother at one hundred and four, and her great grandmother at one hundred and eleven.

GEORGE, (New York, N. Y.)—We hope you do not belong to the class of bashful young men, and are afraid to reciprocate real affection. If you really do not care for the young lady, pay her only the same attention as you pay to others. Act respectfully to her, and by so doing you will fire out in time the silly persecutions of your friends. Such behavior as theirs is very foolish and very annoying, and never answers the purpose it is intended to serve.

WILLIAM R., (Camden, N. J.)—You may have provoked unhappiness by your own conduct. It is cruel and cowardly in any man to speak to the women under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas! and even go their ways after it, selfishly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused, and expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. Here the pity where it is! Then is dear to there danger. In the air, for them, too often come deceit, and hypocrisy, and indifference.

DISTRESSED, (Syracuse, N. Y.)—If you state the case fairly, your wife is certainly doing wrong. But great allowances must be made. She may be carried away by her love of music and exercise, and not realize how her conduct appears to you and others. In any case remember that you have taken her for better or worse. Try to enter into her pursuits, bear with her, and perhaps you may bring her into a better state of mind. For the sake of your children, for your wife's sake, for your own, do not come to any open quarrel unless things should become so bad that your duty to your children and society requires that you should protest.

JOHN S., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—No; black is not universal as the emblem of mourning. In Italy women grieve in white garments, and men in brown. In China white is worn by both sexes. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, celestial blue is the tint chosen. In Egypt, yellowish brown, the hue of the dead leaf, is deemed proper and in Africa, where men are black, gray is the emblem of mourning. All these colors are symbols. White symbolizes purity, an attribute of our dead; that place of rest where happy souls are at peace; the yellow or dead leaf tells that death is the end of all hope, and that man falls as the autumn leaf; and grey whispers of the earth to which all return. The Syrians considered mourning for the dead an effeminate practice, and so when they grieved they put on women's clothes, as a symbol of weakness, and as a shame to them for a lack of manliness.